The New REPUBLIC

A Journal of Opinion

VOL. LV NEW YORK, WEDNESDAY, JULY 25, 1928 NUMBER 712

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The Week

FRANCE and Italy have both accepted the new text of the Kellogg treaty for outlawing war, without reservations other than those already made. The Italian note, signed by Mussolini, merely says that the interpretation of the treaty given by Secretary Kellogg on June 23 is satisfactory, and that the government is ready to sign. M. Briand's note on behalf of France lays stress on the theory that Mr. Kellogg's new text differs quite radically from the previous one. M. Briand reiterates the familiar set of French reservations: it is to be understood, he says, that the treaty does not limit self-defense, nor violate the League Covenant nor the Locarno and neutrality treaties; signatories are to be relieved at once of any obligation toward an aggressor; it is expected that the United States will do its best to give the treaty the universality that France desires. Under these circumstances, the French are willing to sign the treaty as it stands, permitting the present note to take the place of more formal reservations. With these acceptances, the successful completion of the project seems assured. Great Britain, her Dominions, and Japan will make no new reservations. Germany has already indicated her willingness to sign the treaty without any stipulations of any sort.

THE American adherents of the doctrine of war outlawry cannot view the new treaty with much enthusiasm. It certainly does not outlaw war; it only outlaws any aggressive war which may be undertaken without the sanction of the League. But few wars are "aggressive"; each side usually insists that it began to fight only in self-defense. Some Europeans have suggested that the Kellogg treaty "closes the gap" in the Covenant of the League, since that document permits recourse to arms after a stipulated time, provided the Council has been unable to come to a unanimous decision about a dispute, whereas the Kellogg treaty contains no such provision. While this may be true in theory, in fact any nation which wanted to go to war would be able to do so sooner and more easily under the Kellogg treaty than under the Covenant. In other European quarters it is argued that the Kellogg document gives war a more solid status than it has had at any time since the League came into existence; it affords international sanction to any war which can be interpreted as defensive, and the nation which goes to war is to be its own judge as to whether this is the case.

IN SPITE of these objections to the document, the successful termination of the negotiations is certainly an important mile-post in the history of international relations. It is a significant fact that the great nations of the world are now willing to sign a document declaring that war is abhorrent as an institution. Even though that pledge may subsequently be broken, it is better that it should be made and violated than that it should never be made. Moreover, once the treaty is in force, it will be a powerful weapon to be used against the big-navy advocates, in this and other countries, who, if they had their way, would push the nations into an insane race of competitive building. Most valuable of all, of course, is the fact so frequently pointed out by the European press, that it means the return of the United States to an important share in international affairs. While the extent of this return has been

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exaggerated in some foreign comment, it is of undeniable significance. It will help to solve one of the most serious questions with which Great Britain has been confronted, the attitude of the United States toward any naval blockade which might be undertaken by the British navy at the behest of the League. Thus, while the treaty seems at first to be in defiance of, and a duplicate to, the Geneva organization, it may prove the strongest impetus that body has received since its organization.

OUR readers may observe a certain difference of opinion about the meaning of Governor Smith's choice of Mr. Raskob as campaign manager between our "Washington Notes" and a leading editorial elsewhere in this issue. We do not, of course, have to apologize for the existence of a difference between T. R. B.'s interpretation of the appointment and our own, nor for the obvious inference that both of them cannot be true. The author of the New Republic's "Washington Notes" is an able and experienced political observer, and his opinion about the significance of a many-sided political occurrence such as Mr. Raskob's appointment is at least as well worth considering as our own. But since the difference does exist, it is better to advertise it rather than explain it away. We doubt whether Governor Smith, in calling Mr. Raskob to his assistance, really intended to rub in his own wetness and Catholicism; nor did he foreshadow that in his appeals to the country he intended to stake his election on any one issue, such as prohibition. On the contrary, the clue to Governor Smith's behavior as a whole is not that he is playing a bold and risky game, but that he is playing a cautious and safe one. In fact, he is playing his hand in two or more ways. After being nominated by evading prohibition, he is trying now to regain what he has lost among his supporters in the eastern cities by resuming for a moment his anti-Volsteadism. But he will find that he cannot travel very far along this road without compromising his success, and in general, Raskob or no Raskob, he will hereafter soft-pedal his attacks on prohibition. In the same way his selection of one of the heads of General Motors as his campaign manager is for his mind chiefly the setting up of a safeguarding symbol. He will assume later in the campaign in some respects an attitude unfriendly to business, and he is preparing in advance against being denounced as a follower of La Follette. The danger is not that he will in practice become a creature of big business, but that he will deteriorate into an eclectic politician with a thousand feet and one in every camp. He cannot toss too many eggs into the air at once without eventually having some of them smashed.

GOVERNOR SMITH has given Mayor Frank Hague of Jersey City an important post on his campaign board, and the reasons for this are obvious. New Jersey is one of the little group of states without which he certainly cannot win the election, and Mayor Hague is a powerful Democratic boss. He is also, as it happens, one of the most notoriously and thoroughly debasing forces in American political life. Tammany makes at least a pretence of being reformed and rejuvenated, but Hague never applies any such moral whitewash to himself. If there is one good thing to be said about him or his operations, we have never heard of it. There seems to be no doubt that he voted his Democratic henchmen by the hundred in the Republican primary in accordance with the terms of a prearranged inter-party deal. When an honest citizen tried to tell the people of Jersey City some of the facts about Hague, he was beaten up by Hague's servile policemen, and rotten-egged by his equally servile hangers-on. Within a week after the Mayor had been made an outstanding member of the Smith *entourage*, he was on the witness stand before a legislative committee trying to explain why Jersey City paid $323,600 for a reservoir site which he had long known it would be necessary to purchase, a site which had been bought by a dummy corporation a short time earlier for $125,000. The association of Hague with the Smith campaign may be of service in New Jersey, but it will certainly do the Democrats no good among the unattached progressive voters, in all the states, who will play such an important part in this year's campaign.

ITALY is about to begin an inquiry into the history of the Nobile expedition, and several other governments will probably do the same. What is needed, however, is an international investigation under auspices which cannot be charged with prejudice; the affair has become such a serious cause of bad feeling, particularly between Italy and Sweden, that any inquiry by one country alone is sure to be dismissed as having a political bias. Already, the complaint is being made that the attacks on Nobile and other Italians have been actuated by anti-Fascist sentiment. These attacks center on three things: the question whether the expedition was poorly equipped and incompetently conducted; the ethical problem involved in Nobile's leaving the rest of his men stranded on the ice when he was rescued; and the conduct of Captains Mariano and Zappi, Italians, who left behind them the Swedish meteorologist, Dr. Finn Malmgren, exhausted but alive, when he was unable to continue the march across the ice in which these three men were engaged. As to none of these points is sufficient information yet available to make a final judgment possible; but the charges have been too serious, and have come from too many quarters, to be ignored. Whatever their political repercussion, it is necessary that they be sifted with the utmost care and impartiality. This would seem to be the sort of problem with which the League of Nations is better fitted to deal than any other organization. Will its officers have the courage to grasp such an unpleasant nettle?

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Campaigning According to Hoyle

ONCE upon a time not so many years ago, two chivalrous armies faced each other in battle array. Their regimental flags were flying in the breeze; the air vibrated with the sound of their bugles; the soldiers had primed their guns; the artillerymen had unlimbered their cannon; all the military art which the generalship of that age could command had dictated the disposition of the troops. Finally, after the combatants had observed all the rules and had completed the most elaborate preparations to fight handsomely, a martial genius precipitated the action by improvising a crowning flourish. An officer rode out from the ranks of one of the opposing armies, doffed his plumed hat, bowed low in his saddle and asked the enemy please to fire first.

The generals of the political armies which are contending for the prize of the American presidency seem to be imitating the sporting example which the French and the English set at the battle of Fontenoy. They have postponed the shooting and the shedding of blood until after the dress parade; they have agreed upon the rules, they have looked up all the precedents and exchanged all the courtesies. They are in substance asking the enemy please to fire first. Al Smith, for instance, addressed his fellow townsmen on the day we celebrate, which is numbered the fourth of July. Far be it from him to allow anything so vulgar as partisan politics to intrude on that sacred occasion. He posed to the American public in his speech as the combination of the loyal Tammany man and the perfect patriot, who considered it appropriate to defend his country against the accusation of anything so dastardly as a war of aggression. Herbert Hoover also, when he returns to the soil of the home state which he loves so well but visits so rarely, proposes to deliver a speech which, like that of Al Smith, will scrupulously avoid the contamination of its author with the contentious dirt of politics. He, too, will reveal himself to the public not as a warrior but as a dairy of the milk of pure patriotism.

Some of the fellow countrymen of Messrs. Hoover and Smith are anxious to learn their opinions about some of the more contentious issues of national politics. No two candidates could have more meticulously thwarted this curiosity during their campaigns for nomination; and the platforms on which they are running agree in being triumphs of verbose and dull equivocation. One might have supposed, consequently, that the two nominees, relieved finally of the danger of arousing, by premature candor, enemies in their party who might prevent their nominations, would rejoice at their newfound freedom and would, like Bryan, Roosevelt and Wilson, eagerly assume the leadership of their parties in matters of policy. But Messrs. Hoover and Smith still consider the expression of contentious opinion as a means of losing rather than of winning votes. When the most importunate group of his inquisitive fellow countrymen, the discontented farmers of the West, asked Mr. Smith what his agricultural policy would be, did they extort from him any expression of personal conviction? Not they. All they extracted was an amiable grin, a glad hand and the promise to summon, as soon as he was elected, a benevolent conference which would in its wisdom invent some way to soothe the aggrieved farmers without doing injury to any other class. When representatives of the same group implored Mr. Hoover for some more specific comfort, did they get it? Far from it. Had he not promised to deliver a speech on August 11, in which he would communicate to the American people his thoughts on current contentions? In the meantime, prying fellows must not disturb the majesty of his meditations. The perfect ending for this little episode would be for Herbert, also, in his long-pondered utterance on the cure for agricultural discontent to shed tears of sympathy for the plight of the farmer and then to promise, in the event of election, the calling of a conference more wise and benevolent than that of Al Smith.

In view of the crying want of sharp clashes in American presidential contests, the amiable approval with which the leisurely, polite, high-toned conduct of the campaign has been received is enough to make the judicious laugh or cry. No one disputes that good campaign manners are, of course, an excellent thing. But surely gentlemen can behave decently towards one another without parading their admirable intentions and without exchanging public promises to avoid being offensive. This preliminary posting of the rules and softening of the gloves is an indication that the two candidates are prompted by a defensive rather than an aggressive psychology. They are afraid of getting hurt. Mr. Hoover is extremely sensitive to criticism, and if he does not agree with it, he is likely to impute dubious motives to the critic. Al Smith suffers apparently from a sense of social inferiority. He resents fiercely any public attacks which, if true, would discredit him personally. In renouncing so amiably the slinging of mud, they both are in effect pleading with their adversaries to refrain from rubbing them on the raw of their own vulnerable spots. Such self-denying ordinances are in effect confessions of weakness as well as counsels of perfection. In politics the good campaigner has to sleep with all kinds of people—with the drunk and with the sober, with the clean and with the dirty, with the mean and with the noble, with the crooked and with the upright. The best chance of avoiding ugly and exasperating personal attacks is not an exchange of promises to obey the rules of polite society, but the infusion into the campaign of a reality and momentum which will reduce to insig-

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nificance the work of the whisperers and the slanderers.

The career of Al Smith in national politics has so far in this respect proved to be a disappointment. He has fought the New York Republicans so hard, so ruthlessly and, if necessary, so bitterly, he has introduced so many sharp issues and living choices into New York state politics and by these means he has aroused the political attention and de-conventionalized the political behavior of so many New York voters, that some of his friends have hoped he would infuse a similar reality into his presidential campaign. Instead, he has behaved up to date with the utmost conventional unreality. He seems to be doing his best to prove that he, an east-side Tammany upstart, with no educational advantages or social standing, can be depended on, no less than Wadsworth or Mills, to behave like a regular fellow. He has installed on his political altar the image of a perfect political Rotarian and to this image he has conscientiously sacrificed his ox and his ass.

His selection of Mr. Raskob as chairman of his campaign committee and the significance which the press, apparently under authoritative instructions, has attached to the choice, corroborates this interpretation of the idea about himself upon which he is now acting. "Smith Out to Win the Big Business Vote" is the interpretation which his chief journalistic supporter in New York places upon his personal choice of one of the chiefs of General Motors as campaign manager. Undoubtedly a great deal of apparently shrewd political calculation has entered into the selection of Mr. Raskob. Governor Smith expects by this play to maintain his strength in some of the eastern industrial states, and he is providing an alibi in advance against the accusation of being an enemy of business. But another and deeper impulse of which he himself is only partially conscious enters into this dramatic choice. He wishes to brand himself definitely and emphatically in the eyes of the American people as the friend and confidant of the successful money-maker. He is letting them know by an electric sign that the Democratic candidate has bridged the gulf between the Americans who start from nowhere and the Americans who have climbed to the top of the ladder. He has on his side, no less than Mr. Hoover, the angels of success and power.

If this interpretation is true and if he does not modify or supplement later the impression which he is making on the popular mind, he will in the end emasculate the virility of his political personality. His imagination will have bowed obsequiously to the standardization from which Americans who themselves seek big successes so rarely escape. We do not question that he may have been shrewd as a campaigner to associate himself in the eyes of the American people with the art of successful climbing. No doubt his own particular followers, who belong for the most part to the voters of foreign birth or parentage and are frequently the employees of big corporations idealize the career of a man like Raskob rather than his own more worthy career, or the careers, say of Senators Norris and Shipstead. Nevertheless, if he should elect himself by appealing to the American people as the friend and confidant of successful money-makers, he will have betrayed the interests of his own people by exploiting their gravest weakness. Above all he will have robbed his own career in national politics of its proper meaning and its natural energy. If the American people remain content with a leader who is to reflect the standards and ideas of a triumphant plutocracy, why should they take seriously the candidacy of an east-side pretender? They would have every reason to prefer some real confidant of Mr. Mellon rather than the chance Democratic associate of Mr. Raskob.

Mr. Raskob's statement after the announcement of his appointment proves that he is a sympathetic friend rather than an active opponent of the Republican system. He praised as "reassuring to business" the tariff plank in the Democratic platform, which for the first time betrayed the traditional Democratic solicitude for the consumer. By advertising Governor Smith "as a strong advocate of less government in business and more business in government," he expressly endorses the very words in which both Harding and Coolidge have defined the Republican ideal in government. The corporation of which Mr. Raskob is the chairman of the Board, like the Steel Corporation and other exemplars of big business, is notoriously opposed to organized labor. It refuses to have any dealings with unions among its employees. The Democratic party, on the other hand, has always been friendly to organized labor and has traditionally approved of its recognition and encouragement. Governor Smith, himself, no doubt agrees in this respect with the Democratic tradition; but his campaign manager will have difficulty in persuading organized labor to forget the record in this respect of General Motors. Mr. Raskob is a perfect Republican except in his aggressively negative attitude towards prohibition. We grant him every credit for being sincere and courageous in his desire to force prohibition into the open as an issue, but it is too late. Governor Smith, after the terms on which he has accepted the nomination, cannot make a vote for him count as a vote in favor of the revision of the prohibition law. He has asked for and obtained the support of too many prohibition Democrats, and he needs the support of too many Western prohibition Republicans. He cannot, even with the aid of Mr. Raskob, nominate himself by evading prohibition as an issue and elect himself by exploiting it.

If Governor Smith's campaign proceeds along the line on which it has started, he cannot give his candidacy any edge or momentum as a sharply contrasted alternative to that of his Republican

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opponent. He is doing his best not to dramatize differences between himself and Mr. Hoover, but to neutralize them. He has already informed the voters that both he and Hoover are gentlemanly candidates, who in hitting out will try to avoid hurting each other. He has already refused to commit himself to an agricultural policy which is necessarily antagonistic to that of Hoover. He has already fairly shouted to the American people that he, quite as much as Mr. Hoover, is amiably disposed towards big business, and is in this essential respect an immaculate Republican. Finally he has already indicated that in conducting his campaign he, like Mr. Hoover, is not going to exhibit himself to the American people any more than he can help. The two candidates will each deliver ten or a dozen speeches in important local strategic centers, but both will canvass for votes chiefly by means of the newspaper and the radio. In short, Governor Smith will in substance allow his opponent to determine the conditions of the contest. He apparently expects to be elected by being silent as long as Mr. Hoover is silent, by being polite if Mr. Hoover is polite, by being communicative in the same measure and by the same means by which Mr. Hoover is communicative, and by being safe and conventional according to the same rules by which Mr. Hoover is safe and conventional. After a couple of months of this kind of campaigning he will have blurred every significant distinction between himself and Mr. Hoover and extinguished every advantage which he has over his rival. For this reason we do not believe that he will persist in allowing Mr. Hoover to set the pace, draw up the rules and dictate the values of the campaign. He will try later to repair the balance and exhibit his very real sympathies for the less successful and complacent classes in the community which he really represents. We only hope that it will not be too late.

Ninety-five Percent Buncombe

SECRETARY of Commerce Herbert Hoover has written a letter, published in the Tariff Review, organ of the American Tariff League, alleging that the purchasing power of American wages is from two to ten times that of wages in European countries and Japan, and stating, "Among the vital forces which have brought about this result and maintain it is the protective tariff." Since the Republican campaign manager has announced that the tariff is to be made the leading issue in the industrial East, and since this is the first word from the candidate himself on the subject, the letter is worth analysis.

The workers whose wages are compared are railroad engineers, carpenters, electricians, coal miners, weavers and common labor. The criterion of the purchasing power of these wages is the number of pounds they will buy of a food unit consisting of 95 percent wheat flour and 5 percent butter.

The inadequacy of such a comparison as this of the economic welfare of wage-earners has been made plain by previous studies, more comprehensive and more scholarly, by such agencies as the British Ministry of Labor and the International Labor Office of the League of Nations. Most obvious of all is the limited nature of the budget used as a common denominator. It assumes that the prices of all articles and services of common consumption vary among countries as the prices of wheat flour and butter. It omits consideration of rent, clothing, furnishings, miscellaneous articles. It assumes that workers of all nations eat wheat flour and butter as the principal articles of diet. (The Japanese worker, for instance, would be astonished to hear this.) The International Labor Office study, which employs a much larger and more carefully composed market basket, and, in some instances, rent, calls attention to other flaws in such comparisons. It notes the limited numbers of workers covered. It notes difficulty in securing comparable classifications of these workers. It notes difficulty in finding comparable wage statistics—some are minimum wage rates, some are full-time earnings, some are average earnings. Altogether, the International Labor Office says of its more pretentious effort: "The index numbers do not show differences in the general level of real wages, even in the cities included."

Assuming, however, that all these statistical flaws may be overlooked, and that the figures really mean something, just how is the difference to be accounted for? First, it is clear that there is no competition between American and foreign railway engineers, carpenters, or electricians. The railway industry and the building industry cannot possibly be protected by a tariff, since foreign producers cannot invade our markets for these services. And while American coal miners do compete in certain instances with foreign miners, they are not protected—coal is on the free list. All economists will tell Mr. Hoover that the tariff is a device to raise domestic prices of the articles protected. If it is successful in thus benefiting the producers of these articles, it must correspondingly injure the consumers thereof. And if these consumers cannot be protected in their own productive activities, any effect of the tariff upon them must be a tendency, not to raise, but to lower their real wages. A tariff is agreed by all students to be an effort to subsidize the protected at the expense of the non-protected. Railways, building and coal are prime examples of industries which, like most of the farmers, are outlawed from our protective system.

Strangely enough, however, when we come to weavers and common labor (which is protected in some industries) in Mr. Hoover's table, we find that their real wages are, in some instances, not so far above the real wages of the corresponding work-

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ers in Europe as are the real wages of the unprotected industries. And we are reminded of our chronic depressions in wool and cotton, despite the high tariffs upon them. We are reminded that the tariff on wool raises prices of cloth and thus restricts the market for the domestic product, that in consequence it makes difficulties for its manufacturers and workers, and that cotton manufacture, because of its over-development, cannot reap much advantage from the tariff. We are reminded, further, that the chief legislative protection for common labor is not the tariff, but restriction of immigration.

Another glance at Mr. Hoover's table reveals that while real wages in these Protected States are about twice those in the nominally free-trade United Kingdom, real wages in the United Kingdom are much higher than in stiffly protected nations like Germany and France. What, if anything, does this prove?

Going back to previous studies of the subject, we may adduce the fact that while, as far as the figures of the International Labor Office show anything, they show that for the three Coolidge years, 1925-1928, the real wages of the workers covered averaged 82 percent higher in Philadelphia than in London, yet in 1914, according to the British Ministry of Labor, the real wages of the workers covered averaged 87 percent higher in New York than in London. Yet 1914, under Wilson, was subsequent to a Democratic tariff revision downward, and 1925-1928 were subsequent not only to a Republican tariff revision upward, but to the devastating effect of the War upon British industry.

Mr. Hoover, if he is one-tenth the economist his friends believe him to be, must know that high wages and high productivity in the United States have recently been the subject of intensive study and comment by authorities both domestic and foreign. These authorities include some of his own subordinates in the Department of Commerce, writing for his own Annual Report, for the Commerce Yearbook, and for other publications. They include Mr. Woodlief Thomas, statistician for the Federal Reserve Board, who with Professor Edmund E. Day of Michigan has written a monograph on the subject for the Census Bureau, and delivered a paper on it last December before the American Economic Association. They include Professor Rexford Guy Tugwell of Columbia, who dealt with the subject in his book, "Industry's Coming of Age," and Professor Paul Douglas of Chicago, whose papers on the matter have frequently been heard by the Economic and other scientific societies. They include observers and students from Great Britain, France, Germany and Australia. A diligent study of all this material reveals that not a single authority, official or unofficial, cites the tariff even as a minor cause of high wages in the United States.

Among the significant factors are these: While the population of the United States is about 117,000,000 against Europe's 480,000,000, the United States has 340,000 square miles of coal area against Europe's 42,000, 12,000,000,000 tons of iron ore resources against Europe's 8,900,000,000; it produces about 13,000,000 bales of cotton annually against Europe's none, and about 3,400,000,000 bushels of wheat and other grains annually against Europe's 2,000,000,000. The output of work per person in the United States is said to be related to that of Great Britain about as 30 to 18, to that of Germany as 30 to 12, to that of France as 30 to 8.25, and to that of China as 30 to 1. In 1925, according to Mr. W. H. Rastall, Chief of the Industrial Machinery Division of the Department of Commerce, the per-capita consumption of machinery in the United States was $20.66 against $10.19 in Great Britain, $8.62 in Germany, $3.45 in France, and five cents in China. Mr. Rastall writes in the American Year Book (1927), "Since it has appeared that the standard of living in the different countries is largely the result of the per-capita production of goods in that country, and that machinery goes far toward increasing per-capita production, these figures provide a very interesting commentary on the wage levels in these several countries."

The authorities lay great stress on our development of mass production, which is facilitated not merely by enterprising business men, inventors and technicians, and by ample supplies of capital and credit, but by the extent of the domestic market, unbroken by tariff barriers and having sufficiently uniform tastes to provide the necessary demand for standardized articles. They stress better techniques of management, stimulated by a limited labor supply. They stress widespread education. Professor Douglas, one of the few authorities to mention the tariff at all, specifically calls attention to the stupidity of those who believe, in spite of the great benefit we derive from an absence of tariffs between the states, that a tariff on the national boundary can aid us. He says the great lesson European students ought to learn from us is that if Europe would prosper, she must abolish her tariffs.

The list of assigned causes for the comparatively high productivity in the United States might be extended much further, but it is fruitless to encumber the question. Mr. Hoover must know all this. If he does not, he is essentially stupid—much more stupid than the protectionist manufacturer or politician who is handicapped by an inadequate education and an environment of propaganda. The stultifying thing is that Herbert Hoover, who more than any other man in public life has been associated with the elimination of economic waste and the other genuine forces of American material superiority, should ignore his own real significance in stooping to this type of political nonsense. The Republican wiseacres are apparently trying with this issue to recoup the ground they are fearful of losing

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on prohibition. To attempt to hold the eastern electorate by making an issue of protection is, by scientific and engineering standards, just as disreputable and just as injurious to public intelligence as to make an issue of personalities and religious prejudice would be by moral standards. The high-wage-and-protection argument is 95 percent buncombe and 5 percent fright.

Breaking Faith with the Indian

SEVERAL times in recent years, the treatment of the Indian by the United States government has been brought into question. From private sources serious charges of inefficiency, and worse, have been made against the Indian bureau, and these charges have received no official reply. Commissioner Burke has always answered them only by saying that "at the proper time" he would disprove them. The proper time apparently never having arrived, an independent investigation was arranged a year ago. The Institute of Government was asked to undertake the task, and after a year of study, it made its report to Secretary Work just before he left the Cabinet to direct Mr. Hoover's presidential campaign. The value and impartiality of this survey are not open to question. It was made by a competent staff of ten persons, headed by Mr. Lewis Meriam, and it included seven months of field work. All told, visits were made to ninety-five "jurisdictions," reservations or other places where first-hand information could be obtained.

The report is couched in the careful diplomatic language which its official character made necessary. It points out that the quality of the work done for the Indian in various places and by various people is uneven, that the gulf between the best and the worst is very wide. An optimistic set of conclusions might have been possible, it is careful to say, if the investigators had sought to compare the present treatment of the Indian with that he has received in the past; but instead, they chose the more difficult standard of comparing the provisions for his welfare with those which exist on the average among the white population. The report warns us that many of the faults cited are well known to, and regretted by, the staff of the Indian bureau, and are irremediable without changes in the law, or greatly increased appropriations. With all these qualifications, this document still remains a dreadful indictment. An idea of what the investigators found may be gained from the fact that they estimate that present expenditures need to be doubled, in order to give the Indians minimum decent conditions by white standards. Their other chief points may be summarized as follows:

> The whole tendency of administration has been to pauperize and degrade the Indian. He has been forced to abandon his own economic system and has not been fitted to the white man's. "The overwhelming majority of the Indians are poor, even extremely poor."
>
> Indian education as a whole can only be called a failure.
>
> Indian health is much inferior to that of the whites. The general and infant mortality rates are both very high, though statistics are kept so badly that it is impossible to say just how high they are.
>
> The Indians live under conditions of great overcrowding, with inadequate ventilation and sanitation. It is not even possible to segregate those suffering from communicable diseases.
>
> Many of the Indians live on land so poor that it is hopeless to expect them to make a living from their efforts as farmers, even if the government properly assisted them to do this, which it does not. Either the land allotted to them in the first place was barren, or if they had good land, the white men have in one way or another taken it from them.
>
> The government in most cases follows an indefensible policy of taking the Indian children away from home and putting them into boarding schools. These are badly overcrowded, and "at the worst schools, the situation is serious in the extreme." The curriculum is rigidly standardized, and all the children, throughout the country, must learn the same lessons from the same books, whether they know English or are totally ignorant of it, and regardless of all other circumstances.
>
> In these schools, the effort is made to feed the children at a cost of eleven cents a day, plus what food can be produced at the school farms. This policy has two results, the first of which is that the children are badly undernourished—so much so that the Institute report recommends an immediate appropriation of $1,000,000 by Congress to improve the quantity, quality and variety of their diet. A second result is that all children above the fourth grade have to do half a day's labor on the farm every day. It is pretended that this work has some educational value, but the pretence is about as thin as it was at Dickens' Dotheboys Hall. This amount of toil in the fields or barns, the report says, not only gives the children no time to themselves for recreation, but vitiates what formal education is given. Of the much-vaunted industrial training, the report points out that much of it consists in teaching vanishing trades, which are of negligible economic importance, or of none.
>
> The whole Indian service suffers because of the fact that salaries of administrators are too low. It is impossible to get good men more than temporarily for the remuneration offered. This is particularly true of the doctors, nurses and teachers. These low standards may account for the fact that in the treatment of trachoma, for example, no attention is usually paid to modern discoveries as to the relation of the disease to insufficient diet, but recourse is had to a radical operation. This operation has been performed in many cases when it was unnecessary, including some in which the patient did not have trachoma at all. In one special school for children suffering with trachoma, the normal diet actually includes no milk. Everywhere, there is an insufficiency of milk and of fresh vegetables.

The reforms which are necessary to right these conditions are for the most part implicit in the

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statement of the evils. The policy of breaking up the homes by sending children away to boarding school should be ended. Children should be sent to day schools near their own homes, as is done among the white population. While this change is being brought about, those in the boarding schools should at least be properly fed and housed, should not be overworked, and should be taught things of some value to them, from a curriculum prepared with reference to local needs. The report recommends the classification of positions in the Indian service and standardization of salaries, under the Classification Act of 1923. New positions in the fields of health, economic advancement, education and social development should be created, and salaries fixed which are high enough to attract competent persons. Public health clinics for the Indians are urgently necessary, particularly in the struggle against the two most prevalent diseases, trachoma and tuberculosis.

Obviously, the process should be stopped by which their best lands have been taken from the Indians, and as rapidly as possible they should be given such a degree of control over their own property as will help to end their present pauperization, without running the risk that some of them will squander their money. If irrigation projects on tribal lands seem desirable, and it appears certain that they will be utilized for the benefit of the Indian and not of his white neighbors, the land should be owned by coöperative companies in which the Indians are shareholders.

The report of the Institute for Government Research does not support the view that the troubles of the Indians are due to the deliberate malevolence of a few men at the top of the white administration. While these have been culpable in some instances, their chief sins would seem to have been ignorance, stupidity and indifference, of a sort which the whole country has shared. Congress has made appropriations so small that, as has been indicated, they need to be doubled. The heads of the Indian bureau have assumed that an Indian was just a sort of white man gone wrong, who needed only to be given the opportunities a white man would welcome, in order to make a success. They have not, as a matter of fact, lived up even to this ideal, since no European could have succeeded under the conditions inflicted upon many Indians; but in any case, the premise was wrong. The Indian has a culture, and once had an economic system of his own. The transition to another culture and another economic system is a matter of the utmost difficulty at best. It should be aided by expert, intelligent and sympathetic assistance; and instead, we have turned the task over to persons forced to work under such conditions, including remuneration, that the only people who will stay in the service seem to be those of the cultural and social level of penitentiary guards.

Among the agencies which have most signally failed in their duty to the Indians are the Christian Churches. It has always been easy to get missionaries to go to Uganda or the Yangtse, and the lay public has taken great interest in their achievements. It has, on the contrary, been hard to get a corresponding quality of men and women to work among the Indians, and the results accomplished by those who have gone have been a matter of indifference to the congregations which sent them. Once in the field, many of these missionaries speedily acquire a variety of what in the Orient is called "the Shanghai mind." They sympathize with the attitude of the white administrators and look down upon the Indian. It is they who have been responsible for much of the stupid and narrow official attitude displayed toward, for example, the ceremonial dances of the desert Indians of the Southwest, which they are all too prone to dismiss as unimportant "heathen ceremonies," overlooking the fact that these ceremonies mean quite as much to the Indian as Easter or Christmas means to the most devout Christian, and infinitely more than they do to 99 percent of the members of the average Church. The report of the Institute cautiously mentions the fact that "there is sometimes friction between the government personnel and the missionaries, or between missionaries of different denominations," and says that because of this, "constructive development work is retarded."

That America's responsibility to her Indian wards involves a peculiarly deep moral obligation is a point which hardly needs to be argued. For centuries we took their land by force, and answered the brutality of the savage with equal brutality from invaders supposed to be civilized and Christian. Until very recently, our policy has been one of extermination, and even in this age of enlightenment, our attitude toward the remnant which remains hardly deserves to be described by any other name. The report of the Institute shows the lines along which reformation should take place. It remains to be seen whether Congress, and the general population, will prove sufficiently sensitive of conscience to answer the challenge.

THE NEW REPUBLIC

PUBLISHED WEEKLY AND COPYRIGHT, 1928, IN THE U. S., BY THE NEW REPUBLIC, INC., 421 WEST 21ST STREET, NEW YORK
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The Progressive Voter: He Wants to Know!

I

IN AMERICAN politics recently progressive voters have occupied an anomalous position. Only on rare occasions have the circumstances of a national election permitted them to favor a government whose policy would in their opinion make for the welfare of the American people. They might, of course, enjoy the effort to elect or defeat presidential candidates as individuals, but their political hunting was confined to sport of this kind. Candidates were nominated either by the frankly unprogressive major parties or by some hopelessly minor organization which had not the remotest chance of winning the election. If the progressive voted Republican or Democratic, he exercised a personal preference in obedience to some motive which, whatever its justification, could have very little to do with the realization of a progressive program. If he voted in any other way, he cast an essentially negative ballot. In that event, his vote meant in effect the refusal to assume responsibility for the success of either of the two eligible candidates. As a citizen who wished to coöperate in the government of his country, he was practically disfranchised.

This practical disfranchisement was the penalty which he was obliged to pay for his political outlook. Two national parties divided between them a monopoly of political power. They were both accidental collections of unadjusted and latently hostile class or sectional interests, and they were both obliged systematically to glorify party loyalty irrespective of individual or group interests and convictions. In order to enjoy some chance of wielding power, the progressives needed apparently a political party of their own, but they had no prospect of satisfying the need. They had already failed in several attempts to organize such a party —their failure being traceable not merely to deep dissensions among themselves about the meaning of progressivism, but to the intrinsic difficulties of the task. The cards seemed to be stacked against them. It was one of the functions of the national parties to prevent minorities with positive programs from developing into majorities, and judged by their success, they performed in this respect an important service for American political economy.

There have been several more or less promising attempts to organize partisan progressivism. The first of them which needs to be mentioned here was the Progressive party of 1912. It owed its existence to the leadership of Theodore Roosevelt, and his personal popularity was the chief source of its voting strength. But it won the support of many thousand intelligent and public-spirited men and women who saw in it the opportunity of associating the exercise of political power in the United States with the realization of a more democratic political and social program. A vision of this kind informed its platform in 1912, and it aroused an amount and a quality of enthusiasm among its members which seemed to promise for it a permanent future. Yet it faded as quickly as it had emerged, and its collapse testified convincingly to the superficiality of its enterprise. A national party cannot be forged out of the personal followers of one political leader, supplemented chiefly by propagandists, no matter how ardent, for a body of liberal ideas. In an industrial democracy national parties must derive their human substance from a combination of conscious and complacent economic classes or from a combination of conscious and discontented economic classes. Both the Democrats and the Republicans originally embodied class interests of this kind, which subsequently were rationalized and sublimated. The Progressive party of 1912 tried to substitute for these actual human motives a generous but disembodied and shallow political idealism. It recruited little support from labor and the other economic groups whose well-being its program was supposed to benefit.

The Farmer-Labor party which nominated Mr. Parley Christiansen for President in 1920 was a second attempt to found a national progressive party which was not socialist. It profited from the failure of the first attempt in that it tried to convince farmers and wage-earners of the benefits which might accrue to themselves from a joint partisan political organization. While a vote for Christiansen was negative in the sense that it was cast for a candidate who could not and should not have been elected, it might from the progressive point of view have had its positive aspect. It might have aroused the class political consciousness of those economic groups who profit least from the existing distribution of economic and political power. It seemed early in 1924 as if the candidacy of La Follette would vindicate a previous vote for Christiansen by placing a farmer-labor party definitely and conspicuously on the political map, but this result did not follow. The new organization of progressive voters, in spite of its 5,000,000 recruits, dissolved even more quickly than Roosevelt's, and it deserved rather less to survive. While a ballot for La Follette may still be justified as

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a refusal by a progressive to assume responsibility for an administration either by Davis or Coolidge, it did nothing to bring into existence a positive progressive alternative to Democratic or Republican rule.

The problem of the progressive voter in 1928 differs essentially from its counterpart in 1920 and 1924. There is no progressive candidate who does not wish to call himself a socialist; and there is no way in which a progressive can by his vote endorse the project of a third party which refuses the socialist label. The Socialists themselves have, however, nominated a leader who belongs to the reformist rather than to the revolutionary wing of the party, and who seeks to accomplish a social democratic program by means of orderly political agitation. Mr. Norman Thomas' brand of socialism resembles that of the more radical members of the British Labor party, and he is in addition a man of high character and unusual intelligence. He does not cheapen his cause by a reckless and unscrupulous method of advocacy. On the other hand, the candidates of the Republican and Democratic parties are not as completely disqualified for the consideration of progressives as the corresponding candidates were in 1920 and 1924. While the Republicans remain from the progressive point of view wholly unregenerate, they have, in nominating Mr. Hoover, selected the tallest tree among their presidential timber, and if he is elected he will lead his party in some intelligible direction instead of laboring sedulously to keep it standing still. The Democrats, judged by their record, look more unregenerate now than they did four years ago. Nevertheless they are proposing in Al Smith a candidate with possibilities as a spring of political fermentation which progressive voters cannot afford to ignore. The situation is analogous to that of 1916. As in that year none of the candidates is stamped as the progressives' own, but all, superficially at least, can advance certain claims on their support. They are again confronted by a choice which from their point of view presents genuine alternatives.

II

It is the supporters of Mr. Norman Thomas who will object most emphatically to this layout of the problem. The motives which persuaded a progressive to vote Farmer-Labor in 1920 and 1924 should, they will insist, persuade him to vote Socialist in 1928. They will ask how a journal which in 1920 advised progressives not to assume responsibility for either Republican or Democratic victory, can raise the question of doing differently in 1928. In the meantime the two major parties have not reformed; they have, if possible, degenerated. Any progressive who waived his former scruples would make himself responsible for a kind of government which he cannot approve and for the perpetuation of a system which is inimical to social progress. Mr. Thomas, they would doubtless admit, has no more chance of being elected than Mr. Christiansen had in 1920. Yet a vote for the Socialist candidate would not count as merely negative. He worthily represents the idea of a radical partisan alternative to both Democracy and Republicanism. If it seemed worth while eight years ago, in spite of qualms, to vote for Mr. Christiansen in the hope of giving reality to such an alternative, and four years ago to envisage in the collection of political misfits and derelicts which furnished such a conspicuous part of the La Follette following, the nucleus of a promising Farmer-Labor party, it is surely no less worth while for analogous reasons to suppress theoretic scruples and vote for a sane but unsafe Socialist like Mr. Norman Thomas.

There is much to be said from the progressive point of view for such a vote. These arguments assuredly afford a sufficient excuse for refusing to decide as yet to vote against Mr. Thomas, and for continuing to weigh until almost the end the comparative advantages of a vote for him. If the realization of a social democratic program depended exclusively upon the exercise of political power by a radical or discontented class-conscious majority, the only reasonable alternative open to progressives would be consistently to support a partisan alternative to the major parties. But such a conception of progressive political tactics places, in my opinion, an undesirable and perhaps a fatal limitation upon the liberal cause in politics. As contrasted with capitalism on the one hand and with Socialism or Communism on the other, progressives are not obliged to identify the welfare of their ideal with the fortunes of one political party. The present election supplies a good opportunity of vindicating this aspect of progressivism. I do not recognize any obligation to vote the Socialist ticket as the only method of expressing thorough-going discontent with the Democratic and Republican parties. I should, indeed, very much regret to see the Socialist party give up the ghost and deprive the radical voter of any choice except one between the old parties and Communism. The prospect that liberalism or progressivism may eventually exert an effective indirect political power through other agencies depends in part on the existence of a radical third party which stands ready to take advantage of any popular discontent with the inertia of the older parties. But I cannot consider the American Socialists as a promising nucleus of such a party. They consist chiefly of middle-class intellectuals who after fifty years of propaganda and agitation have made little or no impression on the ordinary American.

A political party is a realistic instrument of political power. It may begin by being small, but it must exhibit an ability to grow which the Socialists in this country have never shown. They remain an insignificant group of propagandists. They

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have not succeeded any better than the farmer-labor propagandists in arousing among the classes which do not benefit from the existing distribution of political and economic power any class consciousness which is convertible into political capital for a radical party. Aggressive class consciousness in the United States is confined to business men and property-owners. They secrete not only as much as they need for their own personal and social prestige, but also a huge surplus, which, in the perverted form of classless Americanism, they pass off on their less successful fellow citizens as the spiritual milk of their mother country. No radical party has as yet succeeded in counteracting this propaganda—the Socialists least of all. A vote for Mr. Thomas is, consequently, to my mind, exclusively a negative vote. It would help to keep alive a partisan opposition to Republicanism and Democracy which is as sterile from the social democratic point of view as Republicanism and Democracy are sterile as the spokesmen of intelligent and realistic capitalism.

III

For reasons which the New Republic has frequently suggested, the candidates of both the parties in 1928 bring with them the promise of movement which may make for social progress. This promise may easily be disappointed. Both Hoover and Al Smith are unprogressive in their political concepts. They consider that the fulfillment of American life depends upon the preservation of an inheritance rather than upon its re-interpretation and its re-adaptation to changing conditions. They are the products of bi-partisan political organizations which, as I have said, exist to neutralize rather than to realize the progressive ferment; and neither of them is strong enough at present to oppose his party; nor has either shown any inclination to make the attempt. Nevertheless they both stand for something progressive in the life of their parties, and they are both capable of assuming leadership, provided its liability is limited. Their nominations justify a modest hope that the two major parties are recovering from the moral paralysis which overtook American politics at the end of the Great War. It may, without knowing what it is about, muster enough courage to resume the shuffling march which the War so fatally interrupted.

Certainly Secretary Hoover and Governor Al Smith will, if elected, find themselves embarked in a frail boat on troubled waters. The condition of the country is unstable. During the past ten years social and economic changes of immense importance have taken place which have not received any expression in legislative or in political agitation. The American people have fallen far behind their desirable legislative schedule, and the delay, if continued, will produce increasing friction and irritation. It will be part of the work of the new President to steer his party and his people out of the rough weather, but his party will object to being steered, and it will snarl at the man who tries to move it. He will not travel far unless he is sure of his destination, and unless he is not afraid to get steerage-way by churning the waters. It is agitation rather than achievement which progressives can reasonably prophesy for the next few years, but they need not feel badly about being forbidden to hope for more. Agitation must precede achievement, and if it is to amount to anything it must be started by politicians who themselves dispose of power and whose proposals have some chance of being tried out. Mr. Norman Thomas is an agitator who does not agitate any unagitated body of his fellow countrymen. Al Smith and Herbert Hoover are not agitators, but as a candidate or as President one of them can hardly avoid rocking the boat. No doubt they will stubbornly struggle to avoid it. They will evade up till the last moment, as they have been evading, personal proposals which may breed contentions within their parties or fermentation in American opinion. But their caution will not be rewarded by smooth and prosperous voyages. They cannot escape from the significance of their own nominations, which, unless American public opinion were unconsciously bracing itself for agitation, would never have taken place.

I do not at present propose to discuss whether, if a progressive decides to vote positively rather than negatively, he should fasten on Hoover rather than Smith, or Smith rather than Hoover. His eventual choice should depend in part upon the personal programs of the two candidates and in part upon the risks which they are willing to take in order to give effect to their party leadership. A progressive should not, however, expect any very clear or substantial invitations for support from either candidate. They will both, so far as they can, continue to play poker and to win votes by bleeding in defense of political platitudes, and they will both calculate shrewdly how cheaply they can purchase what they need of the progressive vote. Yet one or the other will, in the course of the campaign, let a cat out of the bag which will afford the progressive something definite to vote for or against. He is not likely even then to feel very satisfied with his choice. For the clue which explains the difference in his problem of this year is not the existence of any disposition in either party or either candidate to initiate or accept progressive leadership. It is rather that they are preparing for agitations and movements which they have not the courage to squelch, and which they have not the intelligence or the disposition to welcome and to will, and by understanding and willing, to control. Both Hoover and Smith are wholly indisposed to give political vitality to the social or technical ferments which they embody, but on one point let there be no mistake. They do embody ferments rather than new brands of Harding and Coolidge bromides.

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IV

Such being the general layout, there are sound reasons for believing that the progressives will most effectively promote their cause in the present election by deliberately suspending judgment. If Hoover and Smith should, in their incarnations as official candidates, play their new parts by continuing to beam benevolently but vacantly on their fellow countrymen, the progressive can always take refuge in a vote for Norman Thomas, but in all probability he will find in the end a sufficient excuse for exercising a positive choice. The major candidates must eventually give themselves away; they must produce programs of their own which are more sharply contrasted than their party platforms. The question is: How far in the progressive direction will they have any motive to go? If most of the 5,000,000 men and women who supported La Follette in 1924 have notoriously decided to reject their advances, Hoover and Smith will not be encouraged to reverse their earlier tactics of sitting solemnly on the lid. But should it become certain that millions of voters are hesitating in the hope that one or both of the candidates will move in the direction of a progressive program, both the Democratic and Republican candidates will have to consider more anxiously and open-mindedly how progressive they dare to be. Hoover cannot count on any certainty similar to that which comforted the minds of the last two Republican candidates. Both he and his opponent will be fishing for votes, and the progressives comprise the largest body of doubtful but capturable voters in an electorate whose members are being unsettled by many unaccustomed tugs on the strings of their allegiance.

Suspension of judgment in the early months of the present election does not, of course, commit progressive voters to a repetition of this course in 1932. In the chaos of American politics, they will wisely confine their decisions to one presidential election at a time. Four years from now the disintegration of one or both of the two major parties under the impact of class or sectional conflicts may provide the raw material for the formation of a consciously progressive party, and their improved political prospects may require of progressives sacrifices of individual opinions in the interest of a common group policy. But for my own part I do not look forward to this outcome either as confidently or as hopefully as I once did. There is another and perhaps a better way for progressives to exercise political power. They can exercise it indirectly rather than directly, and as a free, flexible and capable minority rather than as a solid but over-synthetic majority. The recruiting of a progressive majority and its pruning and propagandizing into a disciplined national party which would have the will and the power to impose a social democratic program on the American people would require a regimentation of mind and body which would compromise the progressive and liberal outlook of its members. Progressives consequently may well hope that this drastic and onerous alternative will not be forced upon them. They should, if circumstances permit, actually plan to assume an attitude towards party politics which, while remaining independent and suspicious, would not be wholly non-coöperative. Since the War neither the Democrats nor the Republicans have invited coöperation from progressives. Should they continue to identify conservatism with the dogmatic refusal to permit the intrusion of fundamental economic and social issues into political controversy, they will deprive an attitude of hopeful but watchful independence on the part of progressives of reality. It would be mere obscurantism, however, to insist upon non-coöperation as the only possible progressive policy. Both Democrats and Republicans are sweating under the foreboding of agitations to come. They can scarcely avoid an eventual return to their former tactics of keeping the nominal possession of political power in their own hands, but of conceding to progressives a good deal about the manner of its exercise. From 1906 to 1913 the two major parties either separately or together appropriated and passed a large amount of progressive legislation. Little as they wish to repeat the experiment, they may be forced as a condition of their own survival to make the attempt. At all events the nominations of Smith and Hoover look in that direction, and before ignoring the overture it is wise to pause and look the gift horse in the mouth.

The majority of American citizens instinctively dislike a suspension of political judgment. It looks to them highbrow, unnatural, pretentious, and not sufficiently virile. The he-man is supposed to know his own mind. He jumps to conclusions. He may jump across or back to another conclusion later, but at least he has not lost caste in his own eyes by yielding to the weakness of skepticism and hesitation. That is why party politicians so easily lead him by the nose. There should, however, by contrast, be something congenial to progressivism in an attitude of patient and wide-awake hesitation. The progressive has a prejudice of his own in favor of agitation, but not of agitation which consists merely in the assertion and counter-assertion of fixed loyalties and principles. Agitation from this point of view should be merely a somewhat rough means of stimulating a body of public opinion, which would have preferred to bask contentedly in conclusions, into asking questions. Yet if questions are to be answered as well as asked, they need to be hung up and tested not only in an atmosphere of agitated conflict, but of circumspect consideration. No doubt progressives, if and when they succeed in organizing a party of their own, will be tempted to treat suspended decisions in politics with as little respect as good Republicans and Democrats now treat them; but, being for the moment without a party, they may as well take full advantage of their

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emancipation from a partisan harness. Their greatest advantage is their possible freedom to wait and watch before they take political jumps. Sometimes this freedom is illusory, but this year it seems to be real. In the end they will have to decide, but if they wait patiently and watch attentively, they will have given consciousness and dignity to a political act which for the majority of voters is usually automatic and frivolous.

There is, however, another and still more important reason why progressives should, if possible, avoid the deposit of all their political eggs in the basket of responsible partisan organization and agitation. The act of suspending judgment between the candidates of the major parties in the expectation of possibly assuming a limited responsibility for an actual government, as contrasted with a negative vote, or a vote to bring into existence a party of their own, may prove to be the really formative affirmation of a progressive and political and moral outlook. If they can conscientiously pick and choose among several candidates and programs without completely identifying themselves with the political fortunes of any, their behavior will tend to impair the exaggerated and dubious importance which they have hitherto attached to the exercise of political power. In certain conceivable and not improbable circumstances they may free themselves to undertake the realization of their own interest in human fulfillment by other and less compromising means.

It is the first business of a progressive to understand what is actually taking place in the economic, the social and the cultural life of the people whose government he would like to mold. Unless he knows what existing processes are and mean, unless he can predict how they are tending, unless he can estimate correctly what effect they are having on the people who participate in them, he cannot pretend to modify them in a desirable direction. A political agitator is frequently compelled to dramatize what is actually taking place either as essentially vicious or as essentially salutary, or as the vindication or as the betrayal of some sacred Lincolnian or Jeffersonian principle. But the progressive is unfaithful to his own light if he yields to such compulsions. He cannot afford to let romantic and profitable myths about social conclusions interfere with his understanding of the processes by which the goals are reached. A society is capable of progress only in so far as its intellectual and moral leaders are realistically conscious of the direction in which at any particular time it can, and in the interest of an improved quality of human life, should be made to move. If progressives cannot attain a consciousness of this kind, they are incapable of promoting the cause which they pretend to serve, and they cannot abandon themselves to partisan political agitation without erecting many stumbling-blocks in their path. Progressivism is not necessarily political in its methods, and it cannot afford to sacrifice its more comprehensive and more fundamental purposes to the winning of particular elections and the permanent seizure of governmental power.

The future of progressivism as a formative influence in the life of the country depends less upon the successful capture of political power than upon the energy, capability, the open-mindedness which progressives devote to the understanding and the improvement of existing economic and social processes. Of course, the dogmatic inertia of a ruling class may convert such understanding into an amiable luxury in the lives of its possessors, and if such is the case, all political operations, whether conducted by radicals or stand-patters, would be condemned to be negative, agitated, neurotic, violent and futile. But in a democracy one has to assume the existence of a tendency in society to react successfully against stupid excesses. Our self-governing institutions, such as they are, should of their own momentum gradually break down the fatuous self-satisfaction which for the last eight years has characterized the attitude of American business men and politicians. Some such breakdown appears to be taking place, and the American nation, on its own blind initiative, appears to be resuming a march which the existing political parties, reluctant though they be, are obliged to join. In that event, the most valuable political assistance which progressives can contribute to this march is sufficiently obvious. A people which is on the march needs to know how and where it is going. Its colonels and generals are too much occupied with immediate obstacles and with questions of discipline and supply to look out and survey the unknown country in which they are moving. The progressives form the vanguard of such a marching army, and if its movements are to be profitably directed, their leaders should become, or should be competent to become, its general staff. They may not, for many different reasons, be allowed to act as a general staff, but the only reason which would in the long run be fatal to progressivism is a sound popular impression that the progressives are incompetent to lead the way. If American progressives, for instance, as a group were capable of framing, interpreting and defending a program of future progressive advance for this country as expert, as realistic, and as adventurous as the sketch by the British Liberals of the desirable industrial future of Great Britain, they would have done more to improve their prospect of eventually exercising political power in this country than they would by successfully organizing a party of their own which was equipped to contest and perhaps to win national elections.

What American progressives should seek, consequently, is some method of contributing to the progressive momentum of their own lives without trying to become political generals, and of contributing to the progressive momentum of American national policy without paying the price of trying to become part of a political majority. They may succeed, provided circumstances permit them to exer-

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cise pressure on all parties without identifying themselves irrevocably with any. As a matter of fact, circumstances do offer the probable prospect of this opportunity. The major parties have succeeded in keeping their dual monopoly of power, since progressivism became an actual force in American politics, but at a heavy price. They have loosened the bonds of interest and conviction which attach voters to one party rather than to another, and they have swollen the ratio which the fluid vote bears to the whole electorate. The Republican party has gained at the expense of its opponent, but its members feed emotionally on fear rather than on any positive faith, and it husbands its strength to resist alleged dangers rather than to understand and overcome the difficulties of government. An alert and competent progressive minority which knows its own mind and works according to circumstances through both parties can, consequently, take all the joy and a good deal of the profit out of the monopoly of the older parties. The way to get such a minority into the saddle and conscious of its objects, its resources and its opportunities is the systematic adoption for the next few months by progressives of the attitude of the man from Missouri. They want to know. They will not decide until they do know.

HERBERT CROLY.

Love in Labrador

One arch of the sky
Took on a spray of jewels.

The crystals gleamed on the windows
Weaving their wintrish alphabets
Of spears and ovals fixed in frost
Fastened to a glass design
With a word: This must be.

There are shooters of the moon far north.
There are dying eyes holding diadems.
There are deaths sweet as laughing waters.
There are gold heelprints on the fading staircases of the stars.

Precious Moments

Bright vocabularies are transient as rainbows.
Speech requires blood and air to make it.
Before the word comes off the end of the tongue,
While the diaphragms of flesh negotiate the word,
In the moment of doom when the word forms
It is born, alive, registering an imprint—
Afterward it is a mummy, a dry fact, done and gone,
The warning holds yet: Speak now or forever hold your peace.
Ecce homo had meanings: Behold the man! Look at him! Dying he lives and speaks!

CARL SANDBURG.

The High Cost of Selling

"BIG BUSINESS," "bunk" and "buffaloed" all begin with B. In spite of the good work done by Woodward, Garrett and others, even big business itself is apparently falling for some of the fallacies that have become the basis of business bywords. "Efficiency," "mass production," "super-salesmanship"—these are will-o'-the-wisps which have lured many to destruction. All of them are good when properly used. But too often, they are worshiped blindly and in defiance of the facts.

The automobile industry is perhaps largely responsible for the present state of affairs—and being typical of modern big business methods, it serves as a good example of the general trend. It is particularly interesting because its product is desired by all. The idea of mechanical locomotion no longer needs to be sold—it is born in every child. The only "selling" that remains to be done is to induce you to mortgage your future income for a considerable period, and to decide on the nameplate and the color of the upholstery. Yet the cost of selling automobiles is among the highest of all.

Efficiency and mass production in the making of cars have reached an astonishingly high state of perfection. The manufacturing costs are now unbelievably low, in spite of high wages and improved quality. The use of better machinery has made possible these unheard-of conditions. It has reduced labor costs and improved quality at the same time, to a point where future savings on each car must be small—in dollars if not in percentages. Yet most automobile manufacturers seem to be concentrating their efforts toward economy on the item that is already the smallest—direct labor. Not that automobile labor is not well paid, as wages go—but an hour's work produces so much and of such high quality, that saving it all would not seriously affect the price of the car to the consumer. By and large, if you pay $3,000 for a car, about $180 goes to direct labor in the automobile factory. And—here is the weak spot in the whole proceeding—$1,200 goes to pay someone—or many people—for selling it to you. Even though you know exactly what car you want, and literally force your order on the agent—somewhere between the maker and your check book, $1,200 has disappeared. Advertising—show-rooms—salesmen who frequently know less about the car than you do—expensive rugs—potted plants—demonstrations—all and sundry have cost you 40 percent of the list price.

An even more glaring example, also in the automotive field, is a certain automobile accessory in a highly competitive line. Here too, labor costs have been reduced to a minimum by the use of labor-saving machinery. The labor cost on this particular device is slightly below thirty-five cents. After adding the cost of the material, overhead, handling and selling, the maker parts with it for five dollars, and

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makes a very fair profit. But don't get the idea that the consumer buys it at any such price as this. Far from it. He probably buys it from a cut-price dealer, as a bargain, for from seventeen dollars and fifty cents to twenty-three dollars and fifty cents, marked down from twenty-five dollars, which is the list price.

Here again, the price is very largely due to the great cost of selling a highly competitive article. For there are dozens of concerns making this device, and each is turning out a greater number than can be marketed at a fair selling expense.

These examples show very clearly that in many cases manufacturing costs have very little to do with the selling price. Nor is this always a case of profiteering on the part of the manufacturer. He is but a cog in the wheel of a competition that increases the cost to the consumer, instead of reducing it.

You must not suppose that all automobile or supply dealers are making wads of money. Far from it. Some of the best known agents, men who have been in the game for years, have gone to the wall. Agencies change hands frequently, often at a loss to the seller.

Why? Because the industry is trying to sell more cars than can be sold at an economical selling cost. For in spite of super-salesmanship and advertising campaigns that strain the English language to the bursting point, the cost of selling mounts tremendously as you exceed what we may perhaps call the normal or legitimate market.

Mass production has worked wonders in reducing manufacturing costs. But there comes a time when increasing the output no longer cheapens the cost materially. This is especially true if we count the cost of the increased inventory and the likelihood of running the enlarged plant below its economic output. The larger the output the more difficult it is to make changes in design or model, as is shown by Mr. Ford's experience. (This has its advantages, to be sure, as it tends to prevent too frequent and unnecessary changes.)

The fiction that costs always decrease with increased quantity is used extensively in advertising. The statement that "owing to increased production we are able to reduce prices on this car to the consumer $500" is pure bunk. With the exception of two or possibly three cars on the American market, none of them costs $500 in direct labor. And it is easily possible that increased expense of finding a market for an increased output might cost many times any small saving that might be accomplished in the shop.

Another popular fallacy is that competition reduces the price to the consumer. It is one of the half-truths that are easy to puncture. There is no question but that competition, in the early days, lowered prices. Henry Ford affected the prices of all cars, even those not in his class, by showing the world better methods of manufacturing. It is equally true that present-day competition is keeping the prices higher than they would be without it—in its present, strenuous form. For while production costs are lower, the fierce struggle to sell the surplus of cars is very expensive. There is little doubt that if the output were cut 20 percent, the price could be reduced without lowering the profits.

There are several reasons for this belief. Go back to the days when we paid from $150 to $175 for a bicycle. We bought it on Broadway, or Euclid Avenue, or some other great business thoroughfare. The salesrooms had the same type of frills as at present—rugs, rubber plants and fashion-plate salesmen. Today we buy an equally good wheel at forty to fifty dollars—but not on Broadway. We go to a department store, a hardware store, or a mail order catalogue. True, only a few firms now manufacture bicycles, but they build far more than we realize. The lowered price does not indicate that the cost of production is but one-third of that of the old days. Some of the best $150 wheels only cost about twenty dollars to build twenty-five years ago. The lowered cost is due to the fact that they have reduced sales costs both by cutting out needless expense and by not trying to force more wheels on the market than can be sold economically. If the builders of wheels should try to make and sell twice their present output, the price of wheels would probably have to be increased.

For those who feel that this cannot apply to automobiles, let me cite a certain builder of cars in this country. He is not nationally known, yet he has been building automobiles—or rather assembling them—for over twenty years. Few of his cars are seen in the large business centers. There are no big, impressive agencies on Broadway or Michigan Boulevard. But he has more cash and other real assets than any other builder I know, aside from three or four of the very largest. He has no liabilities. None of his stocks or bonds are on the market. He builds a medium-priced car, made up of standard parts that give good service. But he is wise enough not to try to oversell his market. He averages perhaps 3,000 to 5,000 cars a year. His agents sell but a few cars each—and in the smaller towns. The user gets a good car at a fair price and the maker gets a good profit. If he tried to sell 10,000 cars a year, very likely he'd go broke in a few years.

Selling is like locomotion. It is easy to build a boat, locomotive or aeroplane to travel at a moderate speed. But if you try to double the speed—you will probably have to cube the amount of power applied. It's the same with sales. The cost of forcing the last 10 percent of the output on the market may easily eat up all the savings in production and a little more. For, as I have pointed out, after a business reaches a size sufficient to utilize the latest methods in machinery production, the saving due to a further increase in production is very small indeed.

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Another point: excessive profits, some in the form of stock dividends, have their dangerous side. They advertise to the world that profits have been excessive, which means that prices have been higher than necessary. But worse than this, the increased amount of stock outstanding is an obligation on which dividends must be earned. And if competition should get as keen as in the bicycle days, the builder with a small capitalization would find that he has many advantages.

J. J. JACKSON.

Washington Notes

OFTEN I wonder how many votes, if any, are changed in a presidential election by the campaign. My personal conviction is that under ordinary circumstances very few are, that the whole business—oratory, speeches of acceptance, literature, publicity, statements, special trains, chairmen and the rest are largely futile, foolish and ineffective. For example, in the present fight it is reasonable to believe that today the bulk of the voters have already made up their minds and will not change. Why should they? Everybody knows Hoover to be a Republican, a Protestant and a dry. Everybody knows Smith to be a Democrat, a Catholic and a wet. What do other so-called issues and arguments amount to? Nothing. These are the real things in this fight, and they stand out so clearly at the start that stressing them one way or the other is unnecessary. There is the chance, of course, that one side or the other may get a lucky break—that, as pointed out last week, the salty Al may be able to turn the laugh on the serious Herbert, or that something or other may develop to offend a racial group, but it is not likely.

The more you think of it, the less probable it seems, despite the excitement, the clashes and uproar scheduled for the next three months, that there will be any large shift of votes from one side to the other. This is a campaign of prejudices, not of principles, and the prejudices, large, fat and clearly defined, are present before the first gun is fired. Everything else is subordinated to them, nothing else counts very much. Notwithstanding these fundamental facts, the selection by Smith of the little Irish Catholic, dripping wet, Republican chairman of the finance committee of the General Motors to direct his campaign is so completely without precedent that it opens up a new and fertile field for speculation and undoubtedly adds to the interest of the contest. Whether, in spite of its unusual character, the Raskob selection means much in the way of votes gained or votes lost is questionable. Perhaps it deepens the prejudices which the candidates themselves create, but it does not inject new ones.

The interesting thing about making Mr. Raskob chairman is that it clarifies the situation which has existed in the Democratic party ever since the nomination of Smith became inevitable. The moment the Smith leadership was accepted at Houston, the Democratic party completely changed in character and conduct. It changed inside as well as out. It sloughed off its old habits and traditions and took on, with new control, a new direction. It is headed the other way. To those who looked below the surface this was plain enough at Houston. When the facts are kept clearly in mind, the Raskob selection is the logical and intelligent follow-up of the Smith nomination and leadership. It accentuates the fact that the fight is going to be along wet and dry lines, that there is no thought of making corruption or farm relief or anything else paramount. Raskob is a prime factor in the Association Against Prohibition. Raskob emphasized the liquor issue in the speech of acceptance, so carefully prepared for him that he read it with hesitation and haltingly. Raskob is so wet that at Houston, so I am told, where he went with Bill Kenny, Mrs. Smith and all the other Smiths, in Bill's private car, he argued violently against the nomination of a dry for Vice-President. What he wanted was a straight-out wet ticket without camouflage or concealment. His selection as chairman makes the Democratic party far wetter than it was before. The only dry things about it are the platform, which will be discarded, and the candidate for Vice-President, who will be forgotten.

In picking Raskob, against the advice of some of his closest kitchen cabinet members, who pointed out certain personal Raskob weaknesses which Smith refused to recognize, the Governor has proceeded on the theory that if he can reassure Big Business as to a Democratic administration, the popularity of the wet issue plus an adequate campaign fund will make success in the indispensable industrial states of the East reasonably sure. In particular, it seemed that there was no other way by which success in New York and Massachusetts could be made reasonably sure. It is not enough merely to be wet and popular. The business support is absolutely essential in those states, and Smith knows it. That is why Raskob was picked. The original idea had been to take Owen D. Young, but the power trust argument was too obviously insuperable in his case, and Raskob was the next best bet from the business standpoint. Poor Peter Gerry was at no time anything more than a smoke screen, though the Raskob decision was not made definitely until the last moment, because of the inside opposition to him among certain of Smith's friends. It is interesting to give the comment attributed to Al at the midnight conference where he gave the final word. "In 1924," he is reported to have said, "hundreds of thousands of people here in New York who voted for me also voted for that cold fish, Coolidge. It puzzled me then, and I have thought about it a lot since. The only way I dope it out is that a whole lot of people who were willing to elect a Democratic Governor were afraid, for business reasons, of a Democratic administration at Washington. Jake Raskob will change all that. He's our best bet." He may not have said it exactly that way, but it certainly sounds like him, and in any event, such was the thought back of the deed.

The ultimate wisdom of the Raskob selection remains to be demonstrated. It is bold and shrewd, but whether it will produce the necessary 266 electoral votes to put across the candidate is doubtful. The odds are still heavily against that. Beyond doubt, Smith's calculation that it will strengthen his hand and increase his chances in the

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New York group and in Massachusetts is correct. But equally correct is the fact that it weakens him in the border states and in North Carolina and Virginia. It makes it more difficult to allay the resentment there. It increases the fright of the local politicians in the Ku Klux sections. It may not immediately change any votes for or against Smith in the normally Democratic states, but it intensifies the determination of those organized within the party to fight him. It was, however, impossible to appeal with equal force to both the border states and the industrial East. It was equally futile to try to placate both. Not many will contend that, forced to do one thing or the other, Smith has not done the thing best calculated to promote his chances. However, it does not, in my judgment, justify the demonstrations of joy with which it has been greeted in certain sections. Several sour notes in some of the more enthusiastic of the pro-Smith newspapers were struck the day after the choice was made. Also, I am informed that the notion that Big Business, as a unit, would at once throw up its hat and burst into cheers when General Motors was put in charge of the Smith campaign is not well founded. There is a certain amount of resentful comment in business circles, largely based on the fact that Raskob is, and has been, connected with the stock end of General Motors rather than the constructive end.

Some other things not altogether eulogistic are also said along this line, but in the main it must be admitted the appointment was well received. It got at least a fifty-fifty break, whereas the picking of the Hoover Chairman, Dr. J. Hubert Work, elated and inspired no element of his party in any section, but discouraged all. So far this week, Dr. Work has not done any positive damage to the Hoover candidacy, and that is a distinct gain. I am credibly informed that he has been cut off from contact with the press, and that in the future he will not speak for the candidate in any form. By the time the campaign is in full swing, my prediction is that Dr. Work will disappear altogether from view. Just how this is to be accomplished I do not know, but I do know that certain astute persons in close touch with the person of the Republican candidate are earnestly laboring in the laboratory to find the way.

In the meantime, Herbert is working to get his post-convention machine set up and under way. So far, that efficiency which marked the campaign for the nomination has been conspicuously absent. Nothing very real has been done to offset the bad start at Kansas City—but that need not worry anybody. There is plenty of time and the weight is with him. One piece of luck—and the only piece since his nomination—Herbert had this week. That was the renewed activity upon the part of Jim Reed. Hoover is to the unfortunate Jim the same sort of obsession that Smith is to Heflin. If Jim can be persuaded to keep up his Hoover assault along the same violent lines of his Houston speech and his New York interview, it will go a long way to balance the ineptitudes of Chairman Work. The trouble is that the Smith managers seem to know this.

T. R. B.

Washington.

Dude Ranch: I

MISS CISSIE

BEYOND the line of the hill comes that sudden splendor that announces the rising of the moon. The gold glow spreads quickly, large, pale yellow, with its shadowy configurations and shining rim. Along to the east, beyond these hills lies San Antonio and the Medina road.

The ranch is built like a great courtyard with three sides, houses of old stone, all one story, all opening on to the stone terraces in front of them. There are dried leaves fallen from the live-oaks, which are like ancient ilexes; in the moonlight, where even now it has already come into them, those that are smaller are like olive trees. The cicadas have come by now, they sing among the dried leaves in the grass, and in the trees; and against their dry metallic song you hear the shrill frogs farther off, where the stream with its sheltering wood lies at the foot of this high place. As the moments pass, the cicadas are louder, the moonlight wider spread, the summer night comes closer up around me.

Along this west terrace in front of my room, at the far end from me, the ladies are talking quietly, low voices prattling nothing beyond the pleasant hour. A brighter voice among them cuts in and out; sometimes the same voice breaks off into a droll bright laugh. It is Miss Cissie. Everyone calls her that, and I do, though I have been here at Gallagher's but two or three days. I can hear her telling the ladies about a trip she is going to make to the West next month to buy a totem pole, she needs one to put in front of Folly, her house on the Guadalupe. The Santa Fe owns some totem poles, she says; you must find an old blended one, they grow fine with age.

They are an old pair, Miss Cissie and her brother. He is far into sixty and she nearly as old. She is fairly tall, compact, alive; her long gray eyes have still their black lashes and curious wild light. Her hair is quite white now, it is brushed straight up over her fine, round head, into a large knot at the back like a Spanish woman—there is something austere about her; she looks as if, should you prove to be an ass, she could despise you easily and well.

"You wouldn't think, looking at her now, I reckon," says her brother, who sits smoking in a chair at my end of the terrace, "my sister was as good a rider as was on the ranch, no sirree. But she was, sir, Cissie used to ride with any of the boys."

"Oh, I don't know, sir," I reply, "she seems very much alive."

"Well, for that matter, we've just got back from our second trip around the world. That's why we're here, for a little spell of quiet, then Cissie's going to take a friend along to Arizona or out there somewheres. It's a right smart distance round the world, I guess."

To go twice around the world seems to me an odd idea—once around the world, yes, if you like—but twice seems an odd journey. I say nothing and he adds, following up my thought: "Of course we studied out a different route. But I was telling you about Cissie. I remember once—"

He begins to tell me about the time his sister had headed off a stampede.

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That was forty years ago, on the ranch in Zapate County, when they were both young. He had never married, and his sister had lived with him all these years, and taken all the trips with him, when they got to traveling—but that was later on.

In those days, he says, they used to take a herd to Abilene or to Southwestern Kansas, not Kansas City. It didn't pay to take fewer than a thousand head of cattle, usually there were more. You made ten or twelve miles a day driving them, though, of course, that varied—you had to depend on finding a place with grass, where they could feed at night; they made the trip like that, depending on the pasture by the way.

When cattle sleep they lie on the ground and it is all very quiet, sometimes a moan or heavy breathing, or the noise of some steer getting up and lying down again. That night he was telling me about, the herd was spread out over the prairie waiting to go on north next day, fifteen hundred of them, likely more. It was past twelve o'clock, and a dark night with low clouds. Then pretty soon it began to thunder, with flashes of lightning.

You never know when a stampede will begin. Sometimes two or three of the cattle get frightened for no reason at all that you can see, or they are scared by a coyote jumping up in their midst; or by lightning, or by the sound of their hoofs going over a bridge, you never know. The cowboys try to stop the stampede by milling the cattle; you ride to the front and try to turn them in, if you can head off the leader in a sort of spiral and get the herd around him, you can bring them to a standstill. If you don't stop the stampede, the herd scatters over the country and the cowboys have to ride here and there to bring them in, and like as not lose a good many or have them stolen.

Well, that night it was Cissie who heard the noises that told her a stampede had begun. She had not undressed herself, but had lain down in her riding-habit and gone to sleep. In those days they wore long riding skirts half way to the horse's ankles, and the collar buttoned up to the throat. Miss Cissie gave the alarm to the cowboys, and sprang on her black horse and rode round and round on the edge of the herd, turning the cattle in, round and round. He could see her yet; she was about twenty then. When she stopped that stampede.

As her brother is telling me this story, I can see Miss Cissie and her friends at their end of the terrace. Someone has turned the light on in one of the rooms and I can see her more clearly, the white hair and thin, gallant body. She is telling a great tale about her brother's bringing two sacred cows out of India to cross with his herd; they were afraid they'd never get past the border, but would be murdered by the cows' worshipers, she says. But they escaped and the cows have made a fine breed, with the sacred cow and her Folly bull. You can hear her spirited old voice spinning along with this memory that she delights in. Her brother, too, looks at her a moment and hears what she is saying.

"I can see Cissie now," he says, "in the flashes of lightning, riding round and round on her horse, in her long skirt, and her black hair had come down, and mixed with the horse's tail."

STARK YOUNG.

"Mr. Ed"

MR. E. E. PARAMORE, who died in California on the twenty-fifth of May, was a personality of singular interest and charm. The son of a western millionaire, who had been commander of an Ohio regiment during the Civil War and who had afterwards built and controlled the so-called Cotton Belt railroad between Texas and St. Louis, he had been born to a position of influence and means in the West of the post-war period. And in the interests of business and pleasure, he had ranged widely and lived much. At one time, he had organized and been president of the Portland Cement Company in St. Louis; later on, he had had a canal company and some rice mills in Louisiana; still later, he had cleared and developed the land of the Red River region of Arkansas; and at the time of his death, he was the owner of a large ranch in California. I have learned since Mr. Paramore's death that he was an excellent business man and successful in all these undertakings; but during his lifetime, I never heard him speak of them save as romantic and delightful adventures. The only thing which seemed to have bored him a little was the Portland Cement Company, from which he had finally resigned at the height of its prosperity, because it kept him in the city during the summer. Yet otherwise one always had the impression that his business enterprises had been a species of sport. Certainly he devoted as much time and attention to yachting, his favorite sport, as to any of them: his great passion was really for ships; he had sailed in all the waters of the world; besides a river pilot's license, he had ocean captain's papers, and had once taken the square-rigger "White Heather" from Southampton to New York.

This wide travel and varied experience had given Mr. Paramore, as an American, in respect to America, something of that quality of citizen of the world which we admire in Europeans who have seen a good deal of Europe. I mean that he was internationally-minded—something singularly rare in Americans—in regard to the United States. His relation to the West in particular can only be described as mastery. He had been everywhere and knew everything and everybody; he knew how to live everywhere and how to deal with everybody. Nor was it merely that he had had the advantage of seeing more of the world than most people: he had been able, by imagination, to seize and hold all that he had seen. Mr. Paramore presented, in some respects, the appearance of a type which one often finds in the cities of the Southwest, where living is good: he had the red face and the Humpty-Dumpty shape which we encounter, for example, so often in the Epicurean *table d'hôtes* of New Orleans. But his appearance was in no way commonplace: it had, indeed, that kind of oddity which scarcely strikes one as being odd which we sometimes find in remarkable people. His mouth was very small, and his face was not mobile; it was almost as little capable of expression as a firmly blown-up football; but his eyes, which were close together and a bright, clear hazel-green, like new marbles, were alight with a strange leaping and gleaming lapidary intensity of life; his hands and feet were very small. One felt that the singularity of his appearance was the sign of a deeper originality.

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And one soon became aware of his special fineness of character and his special personal point of view. "Mr. Ed" was a famous raconteur—by far the best I have ever heard. He had the most extraordinary gift of mimicking the way people talked and could, apparently, reproduce the local accents and dialects of every part of the United States: his sarcastic New England sea-captains were as faithful as his Arkansas yokels or his Louisiana niggers. He relished, in fact, so lovingly the rich cadences of human speech that in moments of gaiety or well-being, he could often be heard declaiming to himself the peroration of a Baptist sermon or the big speech of a backwoods actor, as other people whistle or begin reciting verse. (His family tried to get him to make phonograph records of some of his stories, but the phonograph made him self-conscious, and the records came out badly.) Yet this was not what was most remarkable about his stories: they were not ordinary funny stories at all: one almost never heard him tell an ordinary joke, and then only, as it were, to make himself agreeable when such stories were going round. Nor did his stories depend for their effect on fantasy or exaggeration. They seemed all simply to be accounts of incidents in which he had taken part or descriptions of people he had known. Nor did it ever seem to me that he was improving, as many story-tellers do, on the thing as it had actually occurred—I mean, that he was supplying details of his own. His dramatic gift was so sure that one responded at once to these stories, and it was some time after I first met him before I began to ask myself why these incidents and people had struck him, why he had remembered them so many years and told about them so many times. And then I saw that, in every case, it had been some special trait of character which had interested him and which he had isolated and thrown into relief so that it acquired a kind of beauty. Other than this, his best stories often had no point. It was merely the stoicism of the sea-captain and his scorn for the ignorant "super-cargo"; it was the benighted squalor of the Arkansas household, where he and an old woman had sat up all night, alternately spitting tobacco-juice into an unprotected fire which might otherwise have burnt up the house; it was the naïveté of the Negro, the childlike character of even his violence. He had one very long account of a Negro servant he had had during the days of the canal company in Louisiana: the man had killed another Negro, while Mr. Paramore was away, and had written him letters from jail—letters which began "Kind Captain"; when he came back, he found the Negro patiently and apparently resignedly waiting to be hanged, but Mr. Ed got him out and took him back into his service. He seemed profoundly to understand the southern Negro of that time; I know of nothing to compare with his stories except Mark Twain's portrait of Jim in "Huckleberry Finn." I remember specially a dialogue between a Negro and his master on a Louisiana plantation:

"Mista Charlie, I hear—I hear the niggers is free, is that right?"

"Yes: that's right, Gadson."

"Then I'se free, too, ain't I, Mista Charlie? I hear a nigger is free as soon as he's twenny-one. I'm twenny-one this week."

"That's right, Gadson, you're free now."

"Then, Mista Charlie, you got to pay me wages, don't you?"

"All right, Gadson: I'll pay you five dollars a month."

"Thank you, Mista Charlie, thank you."

"But remember you'll have to pay for your own clothes and buy your own tobacco and 'tootsie.'"

"Is that right, Mista Charlie, do I got to do that?"

"Certainly, if you want to be free you got to pay for it."

(Pause) "Mista Charlie—I guess I won't be twenny-one till next year."

But, then, he seemed to have felt and caught the nature of everything he had seen. Once I happened to come into a room and find him performing old-fashioned ballet steps for a little girl who had just come with her mother to call: Mr. Ed and the little girl had gotten off into the room by themselves and had been having a marvelous time—until other members of the family, arriving, were obliged to restrain Mr. Ed, who had been suffering from attacks resembling angina pectoris and had been forbidden to exert himself. What astonished me most, however, was the fact that, in reproducing the old ballet routine, which, like everything else, he appeared to remember with accuracy, he had made me seem to see for a moment precisely the kind of thing which people had once admired in ballet dancing.

There was a remarkable variety in his stories—the mood was sometimes one of deliberately casual pathos; sometimes of joyous cynicism; sometimes of sad and generous humor. There were elaborate practical jokes, as when some friends of his and himself had dressed up a tramp who spoke broken English and introduced him on board their yacht as a foreign nobleman. There was the man he had known at Yale who had picked out a spot on the Columbia River and announced that he was going to make his home there: when they objected that it was wild and lonely, he had replied, "But then think how far it is from Boston!"; and then when he had got out of college, he had actually gone there as a civil engineer and done valuable work in opening up the country; when it was suggested that he ought to name after himself at least one of the roads which he had built, he had merely erected a stone which read: "This trail was built by Mike Murphy and George Biddle"; and he had a house near the very spot which he had picked out when he was at college, and he was happy there all his life. But some of his stories were more complex. One of the best was about Henry Van Bascom and Sam Clay in St. Louis. Henry was president of a bank and made money, and Sam was a waster and lived on him, but they were fond of each other and both understood the relationship without ever thinking of money, work or anything but their friendship. When Henry died, he had lost most of his money, but he left $5,000 to Sam—virtually all he had. While the $5,000 was still intact, Sam went down to the bank and asked the cashier for one of the $100 bank-notes signed by Henry. He framed the note and hung it in his room and lived modestly for two years on the rest of the $5,000. He was too proud to borrow money, but as the $5,000 dwindled, he kept looking at the hundred-dollar bank-note—"and," (lightly and humorously) "of course, the assumption is that finally he broke the glass." He went down to Molly Polly's, the

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fashionable brothel of St. Louis, and spent the money as Henry would have wished him to, ordering up champagne for the girls. As he became drunk, he gave the girls checks, as he had so often done in the past, with Henry generously making them good. Molly Polly understood, and told the girls not to cash the checks, but to give Sam a wonderful time: she seemed to have foreseen what was going to happen. At six o'clock in the morning, Sam went away and took cyanide of potassium. It is not surprising that, when Henry James came back to the United States in the later years of his life and visited St. Louis, he should have asked to meet Mr. Paramore, whose fame had already reached him in the South or the East.

But perhaps the most extraordinary thing about all these reminiscences was the love of life which they revealed. One felt that the Negro murderer, the old woman who spat on the fire, had been attractive and interesting people and that one had missed much in not having known them. And what would one not have given to have had George Biddle for a friend or Henry Van Bascom! Or, most of all, to have known Mr. Ed during the days when he had lived on a houseboat in the Louisiana waters, with a nigger and a Cajan boy to work for him: he had explained to the Cajan boy that he mustn't put his coffee-spoon in the sugar after he had had it in his cup, and the boy had taken pains to wipe it off with his tongue. Mr. Ed would go back to the boat in the evening and sit out on deck and think, and anchor up one of the bayous. About every other night, he would hail somebody from the shore and invite him on board to dinner. "New Orleans was fine in those days," he would say. "They used to have the Mardi Gras, and ladies and gentlemen went. Now the merchants give away tickets to their customers! But in those days, at the ball, there used to be a silk cord that fenced off the part where the ladies were from the place where the men were. Nowadays they'd have to have an iron rail—and then they couldn't keep 'em away!" Or in the early days in San Francisco when "there was so much to eat, y' know!—and you could get a splendid *table d'hôte* dinner for fifty cents." Or in St. Louis in the days of the Veiled Prophets' Ball, where they gave you champagne in the coat-room, as soon as you arrived. And even the lonely and arduous work of clearing land on the Red River seemed enjoyable and jolly: all of their hardships had been amusing. And there had been a blind pilot in those days who had guided him through unknown waters—the old pilot remembered it all from twenty years ago; he would say, "Is there a house around that bend? Is there a stump beside the house?" He made you feel that there had been something noble about that pilot, as he found in all the world his own amazing vitality and the goodness of his own heart.

He was not a religious man, and spoke of piety and the pious with gentle rakish irony. Some of his most amusing stories were of sermons in rural churches: there had been one preacher in a little church somewhere in the wilds who had ended a sermon on Lot's wife with the following observation: "And they do say, brethren, that if you go to Sodom, and you walk down the street, you can see that pillar thar to this day—but I can hardly believe that, brethren, because I reckon that by this time, the rains and the cattle musta lepped it away!"

At one time, he loaned money to farmers on the land which he had cleared: he always referred to this as the "usury business." He kept in touch with the farmers and advised them; he had never, save on one occasion—for the purpose of proving a title—foreclosed a mortgage. On one of his rounds, a farmer had hailed him with, "Hey, Ed! I just got a fine new black stallion over in the barn. And you know what I've named him? I named him Ed Paramore!" It was not the compliment which he treasured, but the droll idea of naming a fine black stallion after a man who looked like him. His manners had the heartiness of the West and the dignity and ease of the South: his favorite mood was one of roguish joviality. His politeness to women was extreme, and he would not tell a story involving the slightest profanity so long as there were ladies present. He drank in the old-fashioned American style, and expected everyone else to do the same. Of the anarchic goings-on of the younger generation of Westerners, he was usually unaware. He had grown up in a world inhabited by ladies and gentlemen, and he supposed that the sons and daughters of the people whom he knew must have the same standards as himself. When anything sordid or disgraceful on the part of the people about him was brought to his attention, it embarrassed him and made him silent. On one occasion, when a man of his own circle had swindled him out of a large sum of money, his attitude was one of astonishment and commiseration. "Think of how Ned G. must feel," he said, "to have to go and buy a judge, and to have to go to the club and see all those nice men and know they know he's a thief!" When he was a young man, the reading of "The Newcomes" had made a deep impression on him, and when he had first gone to England, the first thing he had done was to go to see Greyfriars, where Colonel Newcome had died. If he could be said to have had any sort of prejudice, it was against the American East, though this was principally a joke (he had gone to college in the East and knew it well). He used to tell with great delight how, when he had first gone to Boston and some Bostonian had asked him what he thought of the city, he had heartily replied, "Well, Boston is certainly the Omaha of the East!" And he always used to say that when Mark Twain went East, "they had ruined him."

In his later years, when he had his attacks and had been forbidden to smoke or drink, it made him very unhappy: he regarded such a condition as something to be ashamed of, and was extremely sensitive about it. When guests came to stay at the house, it became impossible to restrain him. He tried to console and occupy himself by designing a new yacht (he had himself designed and built without an architect both the houses in which he had lived at Santa Barbara), a yacht which everyone knew, which he perhaps knew himself, he would never live to sail—and he used to spend a good deal of his time poring over the blueprints. He would take you into his study, which was decorated almost entirely with pictures of ships, and he would tell you about them and the voyages they had made. "There's the old 'Endymion,'" he said to me once. "She made the voyage from England in ninety days, but that was the voyage that Jack B. met the girl he was going to marry. Before we left England, he was engaged. I had

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no idea that Jack was going to meet this girl and marry her!" I assumed that he regarded this incident as a romantic and fortunate one, but he went on to say with sadness, "I had no idea that that was the last voyage that we'd ever make in the old 'Endymion,' but before the year was out, Jack had married the girl, and now he's clipping bonds downtown somewhere in New York, and the old 'Endymion's' being used for a fishing boat up off the Grand Banks!" He showed me the log of the voyage, which he had kept himself, and looked up the place where the storm had occurred. His last years were troubled by the anxiety to make money to leave to his sons, who were perfectly well able to take care of themselves and who protested against his wearing himself out in the development of a ranch which, when he bought it, had been merely a section of virgin forest; but he believed that it was a primary obligation to leave money to one's sons, as he himself had had money from his father. He died of a heart attack on his way to the ranch, in his car.

He was one of the most attractive men I have ever known, and one of the most admirable. When an artist or a writer dies, we are ordinarily consoled by the knowledge that his vision of life has survived, but in the case of Mr. Paramore, I have felt deep regret at the thought that all that world which he had seen and heard, which he had absorbed and recreated, has vanished with him. While he was alive, I still had the feeling that the America of the old South and West was still within my reach, that I could come into contact with it directly, and now, since I have heard of his death, I have felt as if it had died, too, and I should never know it again.

EDMUND WILSON.

CORRESPONDENCE

Marin Not an Escapist

SIR: As one to whom Mr. Waldo Frank's "Our America" was an important book, his "Re-Discovery of America" has been of the greatest interest. Mr. Frank is again doing something which no one else has done. It appears to me to be a re-discovery which is in great measure positive and solid—frequently brilliant.

But in his chapter on "Our Arts," Mr. Frank seems to forsake the labor of exploration in favor of generalization, first making a general plea in avoidance to the effect that he is not attempting to judge completely. Such a plea does not absolve Mr. Frank from the responsibility of qualifying his observations. For example, to take only the plastic arts, with which I happen to be most familiar, he contrasts the authenticity of work done in Latin America with that of North America; to the advantage of Latin-American artists. Does Mr. Frank seriously claim that the work of Rivera, Orozco, Tamayo and others, some of which we have seen here, is a more authentic "contemporary plastic action" than that of O'Keeffe, Stieglitz, Marin or Lachaise? Or are there some great unknowns whose work serves as a basis for Mr. Frank's as yet unqualified statement?

Mr. Frank's analysis of Marin (to whom he devotes considerable space) attempting to prove that the painting is a retreat from America, is incredible: incredible that anyone who has really looked at these water colors could be even so descriptively or factually inaccurate. Marin does not paint "the light in trees, in fences, in mounds of earth, in the glance of sun on sails," nor is his "plastic compounded of sun and Maine mists." There are no shadows in this painting; Marin, like Cézanne, is not an impressionist. Marin is concerned with the intrinsic life in objects, their structure and weight and particularly their internal movement: those qualities which make the boatness of a boat or the atomic uniqueness of the Woolworth Building. He is interested not primarily in illumination, but in this atomic reality of the object as light reveals it.

Of all American workers who are *not* escapists, Marin clearly is a supreme example. I call Mr. Frank's attention to the water colors and etchings of New York, which aim at and hit as close the movement of "enormous energy" here, as any attempt I know of to penetrate the American city. Furthermore, Marin's "uninhabited world" is full of the houses of Maine (he never gets through with Stonington, just as Cézanne did not with Aix), nor are they deserted houses. He has put down as no one has done that sense of human life living and having lived in them, which has molded their sharply individualized character. Upon the Maine sea, boats move, really move, and they are not derelicts. The sea itself (I know of no vision of it comparable since Courbet) is never non-human, never as phantasmal as, for example, Ryder's. It seems to me to be, in fact, Mr. Frank's very Atlantic. But in every subject, Marin moves toward an apocalyptic penetration of the spirit of place, and I direct Mr. Frank's attention to perhaps its most expressive symbol: Marin's quality of line. It is nervous, staccato, and replete with a sense of energy and speed—a conscious integrated recreation and no mere reflection of the American rhythm.

It is true that Marin's scope of subject-matter is not as great as Cézanne's, but it is greater than that for which Chardin is most valued. But here Mr. Frank, in the space of a few lines, admits that such scope in itself is not a significant measure, when he says: "The man who has won or inherited wholeness in himself, through experience or communication with all men may convey this integration in any subject: witness the still-lifes of Chardin, the landscapes of Cézanne." This is certainly true, and Mr. Frank's cultural valuation of Marin in terms of scope in subject-matter breaks down. Just what nudes in the arts have to do with "experience in connection with all men" is not clear. Cézanne's are neither more nor less human than his apples and artificial flowers. The human body here is an object, and not an ideal focus of life, as it was for the Greeks. On the other hand, one might look a long time in Chinese painting for any interest in the nude. This fact may be significant, but, again, is not a decisive measurement of cultural limitations.

Knowing both Marin and his work (one thing), it is plain that he is one of the least maladjusted or hurt of Americans. To be sure, he is not a Rotarian, but neither has he any of the "social revolutionary twist" to which the old and New Masses or the New Playwrights group give voice. He is not a recluse, as Cézanne was in his bitter maturity, nor is he gregarious. One can see Marin at home among the fishermen of Maine, but in an artist or back-to-nature colony, never. He is a kind of spiritual 100 percenter, devoid of sentimentality. When he says that an American tree is different absolutely from a European tree (which is deeply true), he means that it is the former and the difference in which he is concentratedly interested. That kind of American consciousness infuses all his work, marks an authentic acceptance and confrontation. Perhaps more than anyone in painting, Marin is related to the American pioneer. But where the latter wanted only to possess the body of a continent, Marin is revealing its spirit.

It seems to me that Mr. Frank has so misjudged Marin and other North Americans in relation to Latin America because he has been tempted to prove a melodramatic thesis at any cost. After all, whether or not a work of art considered "esthetically" as "an organism endowed with its own irreducible life" can be said to have such life at all if its cultural elements are not as irreducibly alive, is a nice question. The esthetic element would seem to be the language each individual must finally discover to

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say his say. Can a culturally dead vision take an esthetic form? Or does not that which is alive in an artist inevitably create an esthetic form whenever it becomes actually articulate? Rather than being "clearly the ultimate and more important," is not the "esthetic aspect" absolutely conditioned by the social and psychological elements in a particular human vision? Can the esthetic whole in the best Marins which Mr. Frank accepts come out of anything but spiritual wholeness?

Is not Mr. Frank attempting to create a questionable duality? One agrees readily that it is the confrontations and penetrations of life which live more lustily through time than the expressions of escape or mere reflection. But whether escapes and reflections have any final irreducible life, esthetically or otherwise, is again a question. I think this attempt to separate esthetic life from cultural bases has led Mr. Frank into plausible simplifications which will not critically hold water.

A genuine interest in the new adventure upon which Mr. Frank has embarked, and my admiration for his capacity and achievements as a discoverer of living values, prompts me to write this letter. This chapter on "Our Arts" seems badly out of key, in that it does not carry out Mr. Frank's own intention. It is a weak spot in what should be an important contribution toward the further creation of an American consciousness and growth.

New York City. PAUL STRAND.

SIR: It is plain that Mr. Strand sees more in Marin's work than I do. It is possible that he sees more profoundly than I do. If he is right, Marin's place in my article should have been among the "apocalyptic artists." Grant this, and you have a dissent from one of my many illustrations that in no way disturbs my thesis. The rest of Mr. Strand's letter is more difficult to follow. Is it a "questionable duality" to say that a man might be studied (a) as a man and (b) as a physiologic or chemical structure? If so, there is duality in my article. My article contains no hint that a work of art could have esthetic life independent of the life of its cultural elements. (The very idea makes me shudder!) My article contains no slur, direct or otherwise, on the authenticity of our good artists as compared with those of Latin America. What I said was: "Our Southern brothers have been more fortunate than we in the conditions that create an ethos." In consequence their plastic artists, generally considered, have gone farther. Our chaos is greater, our esthetic problems are greater: my text throughout is that, precisely because of the universal material of our chaos, our triumph of Wholeness would be supreme.

New York City. WALDO FRANK.

Our Debt to the Orient

SIR: The attack on Orientalism, made by Mr. Henri Massis in his book, "Defense of the West," reviewed by William Troy in a recent issue, is simply ridiculous. Orientalism as a science did exactly what the humanistic movement of the Italian Renaissance did for the non-Christian culture of Greece and Rome: it emphasized the importance of the study and knowledge of oriental systems of thought in the same way in which humanism insisted on the study of Greco-Roman civilization. Orientalism enlarged our horizon; the discovery of the sources of Buddhism, Confucianism, Taoism, Zoroastrianism and Mohammedanism made us realize the importance of Asia for human thought.

The "current cults and fads" which William Troy in his review of Mr. Massis' book regards as a disgrace to common sense, are the result of the general tendency of the primitive mind—and who would deny that we are confronted with all the symptoms of a primitive mind in this country—to hypostasize *words* and *symbols* and to misunderstand abstract ideas. To oppose the intelligence of the West to the disruptive mysticism of the East would be possible if Henri Massis would oppose constructive knowledge, as developed in the western schools of scientific thought, to the mythology of eastern religions. But Christianity itself is based on eastern mythology, and Henri Massis opposes the *unscientific* middle age of Christianity which persecuted Galileo and burned Giordano Bruno, to Buddhism, *which never persecuted any human being.*

No recapitulation of European thought since the Reformation can nullify the facts of history: that the Christian middle age itself took much from the Orient. . . . The intellectual and religious intercourse between the Orient and the Occident never ceased for one moment, since the origins of human thought, and Christianity —including the art of the Renaissance—owes much to oriental influences coming from India, China, Iran through Asia Minor and pervading the whole Mediterranean civilization for centuries. It is historically *untrue* to oppose Christian wisdom to eastern wisdom: they have one single source of inspiration, that vision of beauty and perfection which all the great spiritual leaders of Europe and Asia tried to express. . . .

To repudiate the study of the cultures in which are rooted all our mental attitudes since thousands of years, and to replace that study by the so-called "Neo-Thomistic" system of Catholic thought which Henri Massis suggests, is the most unscientific and unhistoric idea of recent times. It would mean that we have to repudiate the whole Renaissance, from Pico della Mirandola to Giordano Bruno, and all its consequences from Spinoza to Emerson. We should rather develop humanism, rather extend it to the study of Asia, *the whole of Asia,* and create the new type of universal-minded man, who does not think in terms of one single religion, one single race, one single country, but in *terms of the universe* and who accepts the cosmic outlook on the destiny of *mankind as a whole.* We have had enough barriers among men for five or six thousand years. Let us look forward to a time when the ideal of unity—without uniformity—shall be extended to our Asiatic fellow men in a spirit of "Pan-Humanism."

New York City. FELIX VÁLYI.

We Have Lost Him

SIR: In regard to your latest critisms of Senator Heflin, I wish to first inform you that I have been an ardent reader of the Republic.

Your topic on the overthrow of the Ku Klux Klan by Heflin was certainly humerous, inasmuch according to your obnoxious remark of him being, "an embassador of the Pope," etc., etc.

I wish to again restate that I have formerally up untill two weeks ago, been a constant reader, but your dealings "certainly 'poisened' my mind" against the Republic.

Previousally to this time I was no Klan sympathizer, but am now.

Heflin increased the Klan 30 percent at places where he has spoken. How do I know? Ask any anti-Klansman and he'll tell you the same as me, 30 percent at least.

In conclusion, if your theory is possiable about Heflin's attack on Catholism increases the attendance of the R. C. Church, is then too not possiable that you increase the Klan membership by your constant attack on them? AN EX-READER.

P. S. I once went 247 miles to see and hear Heflin and boy I go another 2,470 miles to again hear him make the same speec

A Myers for a Benson

SIR: A matter that has slipped by unnoticed but deserves public scrutiny is the dismissal recently of a distinguished and experienced high official, Admiral Benson, of the U. S. Shipping Board and the recommendation of a young man whose record under a cloud, Mr. Abram F. Myers, of the Federal Trade Commission. Admiral Benson's service on the Shipping Board was conspicuous for efficiency, a high sense of duty and honor, independence and constructive ability. He was dismissed like a slave by an ungrateful and ruthless master.

At about the same time Mr. Myers, whose record in the alunnum and the notorious bread-merger scandals is still under investigation by the Judiciary Committee of the Senate, and who has been publicly charged with forgery and lying, was renominated President Coolidge as a member of the Federal Trade Commissi

It is acts like these that tend to demoralize the public servi that place a premium on unfaithful service.

Washington, D. C. KEMPER J. HOLT.

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Insects and Men

Emergent Evolution and the Development of Societies, by William Morton Wheeler, Ph.D., Sc.D. New York: W. W. Norton Company. 80 pages. $1.

Foibles of Insects and Men, by William Morton Wheeler. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 217 pages. $6.

UP to a very recent date, the metaphysician and the epistemologist has had everything his own way. He has begun by assuming that human life differs from all other animal life in being called into existence and guided by supra-human, extra-spacial and extra-temporal factors. Happily the day of the twentieth century finds the sociologist saying to the epistemologist, "First catch your rabbit." So far, the only rabbits laid upon the table have been a series of "entelechies," "organizatory factors," "deities," followed by the *"élan vital"* of Bergson. To the practical enquirer, it must appear that these offerings are a little insubstantial, whatever magic and medicinal properties their captors may have claimed for them.

The sociologist himself has been guilty of supplying unsatisfactory meat because, as Professor Wheeler suggests, society has been studied largely without the proper consideration of other forms of animal organization.

Dr. Wheeler has been for some thirty-five years a close student of insects and their societies, and during the past ten years has begun to develop the idea that human society may be explained, perhaps, and best understood, certainly, by a recognition and a proper placing of its organic background. Life and mind are, says Dr. Wheeler, far too complex to be classed, as they habitually are classed, as merely two emergent levels. For emergence does not come in a bound. To a student of organisms there seems no justification for the belief that human beings as the possessors of a special degree of mental activity represent a special case in the category of animal life. Too many theories of human life and human knowledge have been arranged to meet a demand rather than to ask a question.

In his paper on "Emergence" which was read before the Sixth International Congress of Philosophy at Cambridge in 1926, and which seemed at the time sufficiently startling to get into the newspapers, a thing which Congresses of Philosophy do not always succeed in doing, Dr. Wheeler states what he means by emergence:

> . . . a novelty of behavior arising from the specific interaction or organization of a number of elements, whether inorganic, or organic or mental, which thereby constitute a whole, as distinguished from their mere sum, or "resultant." The classical example is, of course, such a chemical compound as H_2O in which hydrogen and oxygen combine under certain conditions and in certain proportions to form a liquid emergent, water, exhibiting a very different behavior from that of either of its gaseous components.

Dr. Wheeler applies this means of approach to the study of human society, suggesting that, considered as a whole, the behavior of which is different from and only fragmentarily controlled by the behavior or mental state of its parts, it is the natural product of interaction and interrelationship among its parts. The mystery of human society, as well as the mystery of mind, is explained without the necessity of advancing any hypothetical deity or organizatory factor, by the fact that we are simply not acquainted with all the parts or with their behavior.

Dr. Wheeler's work in comparative sociology is of great significance. He has been equipped for it by his almost unequalled experience with the societies of insects and by his rare gift of apprehension in the matter of his own society. He avoids, throughout his work, from his treatise on "Ants" (1910), and his "Social Life among the Insects" (1923) to his "Foibles of Insects and Men" (1928) the dangers of over-imaginative analogy. The anthropomorphic trend of many otherwise important naturalists is equally foreign to him. He is a scholar of a thoroughness not common in our western world, and at the same time he never lets himself be bound to the family tree of a single idea. He is a true scientist in that he seems to be constantly bent upon enlarging, rather than narrowing, his horizon. When he concludes his lecture on "Emergent Evolution" with the suggestion that if it is possible for the human race to be saved through the perfection of its social organization it is equally possible that such perfection will lose to the human race all that it now holds most dear—its development of the individual—no one who has followed his remarks can fail to understand him.

In his "Foibles of Insects and Men," Dr. Wheeler has gathered together a number of papers and addresses bearing upon the general subject of human and insect societies and their study by human beings. We should say by human beings and insects, as a matter of fact, for one of the most delightful and instructive papers in the volume is a communication from the King of a West African Termite Colony explaining the society and the natural history of the Termites and commenting on the society and natural history of man. In this paper, which was read before the American Society of Naturalists in 1919, Dr. Wheeler's peculiar quality is most clearly apparent. The chief factor in this "emergent" quality is Wheeler's freedom from the curse of what Bleuler called autistic thinking, which may be described as thinking by magic or emotion. Wheeler is not only free from this universal cloud, but he is a human being of great creative talent, who proves to be a remarkable writer by reason of the fact that he does not cease to live while he is writing. If this type of scholarship is annoying to the academic fraternity who cannot believe that a man can at the same time be a devotee of science and the movies or the funny papers, it is very pleasant for the inquiring layman, who, confronted with Dr. Wheeler's works, instinctively knows that he may believe what he reads and therefore may be safe in forming his own conclusions.

"Foibles of Insects and Men," like the earlier "Social Life among the Insects," presents in brief some of the characteristics of insects which advertise them as fit subject for study by those interested in getting at the why and wherefore of human society. For insect society, like human society, is the superorganic product of a number of interacting factors, as also, presumably, is the inorganic society represented by the atom. In insect society, however, we have the social organism in a form at once small enough and large enough to be seriously studied. Like the human body, the ant-colony, as an organism, has problems of nutrition, reproduction and defense, and a study of them is particularly interesting in view of the fact that in the ant colony these problems are reduced to their simplest terms and freed of the individual veils of emotion and notion which hamper the study of social motives in human beings.

While the tender-minded human may balk at the application to his own race of any inferences made after studying such deplorable habits as those of the American

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Mantis, the female of which consumes the choicest parts of the male during the act of courtship, it is none the less obvious that such foibles have their parallel in human behavior. As Dr. Wheeler points out, since in all organisms reproduction is an effect of growth and growth an effect of nutrition, the difficulties on the emotional side of reproduction which have so great a bearing upon the activities of human society, would seem to be dependent upon the fundamental and general biological conditions which underlie all life and which, in all their ramifications, may be studied in the organisms of societies less cumbersome than our own.

Dr. Wheeler is not only concerned with justifying the adventuring of comparative sociology into the society of insects. He is interested, in general, in the method of approach of the scientist to all forms of research. Such papers as "The Organization of Research" and "The Dry-Rot of Our Academic Biology," reprinted in his latest work, should have the effect of making more persons than the members of the learned societies to whom they were shamelessly addressed understand his point of view.

Taken all in all, it may be said that Dr. Wheeler and his work are among the most interesting and important manifestations of the health of science in the western world. We can do no better than recommend them to all who are interested in vigorous clarity of writing, in honesty and integrity of approach, and in the great subject of human life and its place in the world.

RAYMOND HOLDEN.

Hand-Book of Magic

A Mirror for Witches, by Esther Forbes. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. $2.50.

MISS ESTHER FORBES was born in Worcester, Massachusetts, where historical societies flourish in the shade of a great library and museum of New England antiquities. But it requires more than mere devoted plundering of the mildewed rubbish heap of history to write such a book as this. I think Miss Forbes, like her own Doll Bilby, has evoked her pre-conscious memories of old Massachusetts, and breathed out again upon the pages the legends she breathed in with the air of her childhood.

She has held up not only a mirror for witches, but a magic reflection of New England's past. Even her style, a highly artificial affair that could be disastrous in less capable hands, is quite convincing. It might well be the result of saturation in old documents, letter books and diaries, or a slightly diminished echo of the old English rhythms of speech which yet survive in rural New England. I don't know if the soundness and movingness of her total effect depend on this style: I know it gives an almost perfect illusion, and carries the story without effort. Now and again Miss Forbes lapses into deliberate and charming pastiche, as if to say: "Remember, this is not really a pious seventeenth-century gaffer turning over once more an uneasy memory"—but these asides are few, and the whole thing has an air of rightness.

At times the narrative reads like a transcript from the witch tales that conscientious country preachers wrote down for Increase Mather's famous collection. The history of the Thumb twins is along a classic pattern, and the trial scene is a magnificent re-creation of the melancholy scenes at Salem in 1692. Miss Forbes has set her tragedy somewhat earlier, in order to give her witch the stellar role. But Doll Bilby takes her place in that dark group of women who died in the Terror, herself as real as if her name and history appeared in the records. The true interest lies in Miss Forbes' understanding of the witch state of mind in a highly imaginative, morbidly emotional young girl.

Doll Bilby is the adopted daughter of a New England sea captain. Her mother had been burned for a witch in Brittany, and even in Doll's childhood she is feared and hated for a witch. In her loneliness she confuses the stories her mother told her with actual events, she cannot discern between dream and reality, either in the past or present. She ends by believing herself compacted to the Devil, and mistakes a mysterious mortal lover for an even more mysterious fiend. As her hallucinations grow and her actions become more strange, the evidence against her is, to the New England mind of her day, overwhelming. Her death in prison cheats the gallows.

This is the simple plot, but told with such candid warmth, so much sly wit and detached irony, such a lively march of episode, that it makes a superbly entertaining novel.

KATHERINE ANNE PORTER.

Untermeyer and Morton

Nocturnes and Autumnals, by David Morton. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 52 pages. $1.75.

Burning Bush, by Louis Untermeyer. New York: Harcourt Brace and Company. 109 pages. $2.

THE minor poet, in an age of literary sophistication such as the present, usually finds that his technique, of experience as well as expression, comes to him too readily, so that he can say, with considerable smoothness and ease, things that are hardly worth saying at all. The result is that there are a number of poets who rebel against this congenital facility, aware of its very evident dangers, and either by twisting their experience into new shapes, or by regarding it from unusual angles, try to avoid the reproach of triteness or superficiality. These, when their originality of attack is sincere, are the most interesting of contemporary writers.

But there is another race of minor poets who accept their inherited traditions of thought and expression, and whose poetic ambition, it seems, is less to originate than to refine. Such are Mr. Morton and Mr. Untermeyer.

Mr. Morton is the milder of the two. He has considerable ability in catching the special rhythm of the sonnet, and his use of the feminine ending is agreeable to the ear, but it is unfortunately difficult to extend one's praise further. There is no sharpness of image; even the sound of the words, which is what Mr. Morton seems especially to emphasize, is sometimes harsh and jarring.

> As golden as the goldest star could be,
> Shining as surely till the spring shall pass.

One resents such a superfluity of s's as this last line shows. But more regrettable than this, and other faults like it, such as a too frequent dependence on rhetoric,

> Lost in a winter darkness of sad stars,

is the fact of Mr. Morton's experience itself. It is incomplete; it has no authority. His sonnets as a rule fail to come off; the clock whirs, one waits for the cuckoo to pop out, the whirring stops, and nothing has happened after all. The trouble is that the conditioning factors of his experience are not so much Mr. Morton's as they are those of nearly everybody who has written sonnets since

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Wordsworth. In spite of his sensitiveness to nature, and the agreeableness of his technique, Mr. Morton's poems remain almost hopelessly literary.

Mr. Untermeyer's grip is considerably firmer, and his reactions to experience more definitely his own. Not that he by any means can avoid the charge of being derivative—the subjects of many of his poems are those usually accepted as poetic, "Rainbow's End," "Berkshire October," "Any Sunset," etc.—but he nearly always succeeds in giving a turn to these subjects which is new. The reader gets the impression of a completed experience, which is more than can be said of Mr. Morton.

The experience, however, if complete, is not profound. The effect is of agility rather than intensity; a limitation Mr. Untermeyer tries too often, though less in this book than in its predecessors, to overcome. On occasion, as in the title poem, he seems to be forcing his material in an attempt to get more out of it than it contains. But one cannot use a candle as a substitute for a Bunsen burner, and the best poems in the book are those in which no such attempt is made. "Long Feud," for instance, is an entirely successful accomplishment, and may stand as representative of the best of Mr. Untermeyer's work. It is sharp and clean, it makes its effect at once, and the expression is well suited to the thought. If it leaves no echoes to ring in the mind, it at least gives the reader the satisfaction of an agreeable experience, and good minor poetry often achieves no more.

THEODORE SPENCER.

The Islamic World

The Islamic World Since the Peace Settlement, by Arnold J. Toynbee. Vol. I—Survey of International Affairs. New York: Oxford University Press. 611 pages. $8.50.

THE enormous task of producing each year a 600-page volume of political and diplomatic history, in the annual Survey of International Affairs, would be overwhelming to most writers and historians; but, with the assistance of funds, access to documents, unique library facilities and a small staff of helpers, Professor Toynbee has performed this brave task with outstanding distinction; and his scholarship has, with each volume, shown itself more and more certain and profound. For 1925 the "Survey" consists of two full-sized volumes, only one of which Professor Toynbee has himself written; this is Volume I, on the Islamic world from 1920 to 1925, which is an attempt to pick up all the threads of this oriental tapestry deliberately omitted for the sake of convenience and unity from the conspectus of the earlier surveys. This volume now brings the story of the Near and Middle Eastern world down to the early part of 1926; and henceforth, it is to be supposed, each annual volume will cover all aspects and sections of the world in international politics and diplomacy.

Professor Toynbee's scholarship is undisputed; and in this volume he has added more laurels to his reputation. Here he is in his special field; for his knowledge of the Near East is unsurpassed. A familiarity with oriental as well as modern European languages, extensive and frequent travels in the Near East, experience as adviser to the British Foreign Office and at the Peace Conference, a well merited reputation as a lecturer and author of many volumes—all these combine to give Professor Toynbee, still in his thirties, a recognized position as an expert on the Islamic world in its historical and political aspects; and he makes good use of his vast scholarship in this latest work.

The scope of "The Islamic World" includes a discussion of the Caliphate's collapse in Turkey and the secularization movement in the former Ottoman dominions; the story of Northwest Africa, with a lucid account of the Moroccan war, the rebellion of Abdul Karim, the rise of nationalism and reform in Tunisia and Algeria, and the respective roles of Spain, France and Italy in the African tangle; a survey of the Middle East, dealing with developments in Egypt, in the Sudan, and in Arabia, in the mandated territories, Persia, and Afghanistan; with special sections devoted to the allocation of the Nile waters, the frontier questions of Iraq, Mosul and Syria, the administration of the French mandate for Syria and the British mandate for Palestine (written for this volume by Mr. Leonard Stein), and the political significance of oil in the Near East. An illuminating introductory section analyzes the tendencies of the whole Islamic world with shrewd insight and clear interpretation, and shows Professor Toynbee at his best in the role, not merely of a chronicler, but of a penetrating interpreter of history.

There is, moreover, a certain piquancy of observation which is not usual in a serious record such as this volume. In brief space one can refer to only a few of the writer's interesting comments. In discussing the abolition of the *fez* and the temporary adoption of the black lamb-skin cap known as the *qalpak*—a characteristic and historic headgear of the old Turanian Turkish stock, he observes that "the *qalpak* also happened to suit Mustafa Kemal Pasha (who was not indifferent to his personal appearance), whereas the *fez* happened to be unbecoming to him. His patronage no doubt assisted materially in bringing the *qalpak* into fashion." On the other hand, while in Turkey the *qalpak* had subsequently made way for the headgear of the western peoples "who wore hats with brims and had inherited the earth," in Egypt distinguished ecclesiastics inveighed against the new vogue "on the ground that wearing of hats, so far from being a talisman of progress, was rather the symptom of a pathological mania for imitating the externals of a foreign civilization." Among the women of the Turkish intelligentsia, it is pointed out, "a landmark in the progress of emancipation had been the introduction of co-education in the University of Constantinople (owing to the natural unwillingness of the professors to deliver each lecture twice over to separate male and female audiences)." And the abolition of polygamy was brought about, "not by any *ad hoc* legislation but in consequence of the adoption of the Swiss civil code"; and the social change thus introduced was possible only because polygamy had already become unfashionable among the upper classes, and for economic reasons it had never been widespread among the poor. It is stated that the dismissal of an Egyptian university professor—"after a 'heresy trial' which bore an entertaining resemblance to the trial at Dayton, Tennessee, that had ended a few weeks before in the dismissal of the Darwinian heretic, Mr. Scopes—became a move in the game of Egyptian politics; and for this reason the fact that the sentence of the university authorities was upheld by the Egyptian government gave no better measure in Egypt than the Scopes trial had given in the United States of the true state of religious belief and sentiment among the laity." But apart from these occasional shafts of pointed comment, Professor Toynbee has given a serious and carefully documented review of five years of Islamic history which makes his volume a standard reference work.

KENNETH P. KIRKWOOD.

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M-m-m! Macaroons!

All Children Must Be Paid For, by L. de Giberne Sieveking. New York: Brentano's. $2.

Show Girl, by J. P. McEvoy. New York: Simon and Schuster. $2.

The Girl Everybody Knew, by James Farrell. New York: Harper and Brothers. $2.

Early to Bed, by Wood Kahler. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. $2.

Jerome, or The Latitude of Love, by Maurice Bedel. Translated by Lawrence S. Morris. New York: The Viking Press. $2.

THESE books are pastry-ware, with a light aphrodisiac filling. Every one of them should be banned in Boston, and probably will be. A few years ago, indeed, they might not have passed the pragmatic censorship of the very publishers who are now bringing them out. But this is progress.

"All Children Must Be Paid For" parades in nonsense attire as a satire on pro and anti birth-control societies, and also manages to get in a few hearty laughs at Bohemia, flappers and Gertrude Stein. The great booby hero, Lord Downacre, "a decent, good-natured young man," is swayed, and swayed far from the horizontal, by every blowhard who puffs at him. Consequently, he is first violently converted to the Anti-Birth Control and then even more violently to the Birth-Control Movement. The drawings by Pearl Binder lend an air of cleverness to this skit which the words alone would not give us, for the hero is too asinine to be really funny, and the humor is not mad enough to make us laugh very often or very loud.

"Show Girl" is never silly; it is never slow enough to be that. It is a fairly complete compendium of current American wise-cracks. This scrap-book of letters, telegrams, dialogues and newspaper clippings gives us the musical-comedy story of Dixie Dugan, the golden-hearted, gingery-tongued, fast-stepping female hoofer, Denny Kerrigan, Greeting Card salesman, Alvarez Romano, "sun-kissed tango dancer from the coffee belt," Jimmy Doyle, "ghost writer on the Evening Tabloid," etc., etc. The action and the lingo are fast, slick and amusing—guaranteed to please, keep you awake, and take your mind off the weather. There is a slight satirical spice (such as the speech of the Hon. Phineas Fibbledibber), but this is non-partisan and will pleasantly tickle both Republicans and Democrats.

"The Girl Everybody Knew" is a not very successful attempt to convey a completely sophisticated and cosmopolitan attitude. It tells of Ruby Burke, the casual daughter of a wandering evangelist and a mining-town prostitute, who gradually eases her way up the social scale until she becomes a Duchess, and ends by playing the Madonna in Reinhardt's "Miracle." It is mildly amusing.

"Early to Bed" is one of the most effective light novels that has lately appeared from an American pen. Alden Brent is a young American who lives in Paris, but attempts to model his life on a schedule, *à la* Ben Franklin. He becomes entangled with Olishga, a Russian duchess, and her crowd of hangers-on; and his attempts to keep her pleased and at the same time to stick to his schedule make an entertaining tale. The Russian element inserted in novels to supply a strain of wild humor is by way of becoming overdone; Gerhardi and Maurice Baring have already familiarized us with the trick, but Mr. Kahler handles his Russians so well that we cannot be bored. The story keeps well in key, and does not strain after a sophisticated or a satirical tone: consequently it attains both.

"Jerome" is the kind of witty, light-hearted, civilized *soufflé* that it is peculiarly the talent of the French to concoct. The hero, Jerome, is a young playwright who has just made his first success in Paris, and whose play is now to be put on in Christiania. He journeys thither, falls in love with the country and with its personification, in the form of Uni Hansen. His gradual recovery forms the theme of a delightful story which is also an intelligent and mocking commentary on France, Norway, art, love and what have you. This book was awarded the *Prix Goncourt* in France—where, you see, they give prizes for this kind of thing; while we, in our less straightforward manner, award only the prize (if, indeed, we award any) of censorship. But the French, as we well know, although logical are already degenerate; while we are only just beginning to slip.

T. S. MATTHEWS.

Belloc: Catholic Historian

A History of England, by Hilaire Belloc. Vol. III, Catholic England: The Later Middle Ages, A. D. 1348 to 1525. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 434 pages. $3.75.

How the Reformation Happened, by Hilaire Belloc. New York: Robert M. McBride and Company. 290 pages. $3.50.

THE third volume of Mr. Belloc's "History of England" carries the reader from the first incursion of the Black Plague to the divorce of Henry VIII from Catherine of Aragon. It is written with all the author's usual charm and *verve,* but must be classed with literary rather than with accurate historical productions. For Mr. Belloc can never for a moment forget that he is the standard-bearer of the Catholic Church in England, and he writes as ardent champion of the old faith and the legitimate Plantagenet dynasty. Indeed, "Church and King" might well have been the title of this volume.

The Black Death is Mr. Belloc's *pièce de résistance.* It, he feels, was responsible for most of the ills of English society in the period just preceding the Reformation and leading up to it. He is certainly correct in his assertion that only within very recent times have people begun to realize the magnitude of the catastrophe brought about by this fearful disease. Mr. Belloc's figures on the medieval population of England in connection with the mortality caused by the plague have been severely criticized by Mr. G. G. Coulton in his review in the Nation and Athenæum, and in his subsequent correspondence with Mr. Belloc in the same paper. Mr. Coulton is a fellow of St. John's College, Cambridge, and a medieval scholar of considerable note. In the controversy he undoubtedly comes off with the honors, but it seems almost too much to expect Mr. Belloc to be, in addition to many other things, a reliable statistician.

The book, as a whole, is a passionate denunciation of the usurping Lancastrian dynasty which supplanted the main line of the Plantagenets in 1399, and a pious plea for the true Church and the true king. The rise of Parliament and the decay of the old institutions are lamented with equal fervor. The personalities of the period whom Mr. Belloc dislikes or whose influence he wishes to minimize, such as Henry of Bolingbroke and Wycliffe, he

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either vilifies or passes over with the vaguest generalizations. For the conduct of characters who appeal to him, he always finds plenty of excuse. In either case he is always entertaining.

Mr. Belloc is to be commended for his excellent genealogical trees showing clearly the complicated relationships of the royal family and its offshoots, and for his maps of the campaigns in France and the Wars of the Roses.

"How the Reformation Happened" is frankly a brief for the Roman Catholic Church in its struggle against the reforms which eventually divided Christendom. In able and vigorous language Mr. Belloc describes the movement in Europe which culminated in the final separation of the dissenters from the ancient faith. A sincere and devout believer in the heavenly mission of the Catholic Church, Mr. Belloc deplores the forces working from within and without which destroyed the unity of Christian culture in Europe. His love for the papacy is only a little less than his love for the Church itself, and it is with evident pain that he writes of the decline in the character of the popes of the Reformation period. Wherever extenuating evidence for their conduct can be supplied, he makes the most of it.

He has a particular hatred for Anne Boleyn, who, he feels, was responsible for the "English accident," as he terms the Reformation in England. Only her insistence on nothing less than marriage with Henry VIII brought up the question of the divorce and the King's break with the Pope over it. Thomas Cromwell, Henry's agent in despoiling the monasteries, the Cecil family and the gentry who benefited financially by their suppression, and Archbishop Cranmer come in for a generous share of the blame. The best Mr. Belloc can say for Queen Elizabeth is that she was an unfortunate woman, and again he takes up cudgels for legitimacy in declaring that she was a bastard.

Mr. Belloc is at his best in the sections devoted to France. Here he is in his element, and his estimates of personalities and movements are more correct. Jeanne d'Arc, Catherine de Medici, and even Calvin are brilliantly portrayed and their environment fully appreciated.

It is a pity that Mr. Belloc cannot write from a less partisan point of view, although much of his charm lies in his vehemence. Often he is convincing. But we may still doubt whether the conquest of the Netherlands by Alva, or the success of the Spanish Armada would have been desirable steps in the reunification of Catholic Europe.

NEILSON ABEEL.

Contributors

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